LAWRIE TODD

OR,

THE SETTLERS IN THE WOODS.

BY JOHN GALT, ESQ.

F.A.S., HON. L.S., P., HON. NHS. M., &c.

AUTHOR OF "THE ANNALS OF THE PARISH," "THE AYRSHIRE LEGATEES," &c.

I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field,
And with it all my travel's history

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

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PREFACE.

The Public have been pleased to regard the Author's endeavours to endow his imaginary autobiographies with a language characteristic of the supposed narrators, as among the qualities by which he has best merited their favour. In this instance, he has attempted to write as a humbly-educated Scotchman, of a particular temperament, who has been sometime in the United States, would probably have done—a glossary is subjoined.

The principal portion of the first part is made up from a personal narrative, and the peculiarities of the narrator resemble those of a singular, but worthy man. Some of his original letters are given in the Appendix as curiosities,

and because they have been made use of in this work, and treat with feeling and sagacity of an impressive topic.

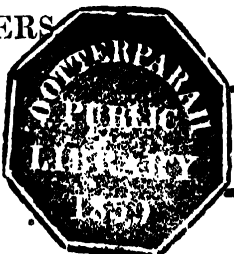
Travellers who have visited the Genesee country, will probably recognise in Judiville a shadowy and subdued outline of the history and localities of Rochester.

The author having recently superintended a Colonial experiment of great magnitude, it may be imagined that in Judiville he had described his own undertaking. This is not the case; for the narrative embraces the substance of his knowledge, whether obtained by inquiry, observation, or experience. The subject is more important than novels commonly treat of.—A description, which may be considered authentic, of the rise and progress of a successful American settlement, cannot but be useful to the emigrant who is driven to seek a home in the unknown wilderness of the woods. The privations are not exaggerated, nor is the rapidity with which they may be overcome. The book, therefore, though written to amuse, was not altogether undertaken without a higher object.

LAWRIE TODD;

OR,

THE SETTLERS



PART I.

CHAPTER I.

Oh, say not that the mother's breast,
Is to her ailing child a nest.—
When she is laid, the turf below,
Who then shall soothe the orphan's woe?

I WAS born in the little village of Bonnytown, so cosily situated in one of the pleasantest holms of the sylvan Esk. Many a day, both of cloud and sunshine, has passed over me since I bade it farewell; but the trees and hedges are still evergreens in my remembrance; and I never look at the pictures in the big Ha' Bible, where the saints are seen crowned with glory,

but I think of the sanctified old church, surrounded, in the solemnity of the church-yard, with its halo of tomb-stones.

My father was a poor man, but honest and industrious. With hard labour, constancy, and the fear of God, he followed the trade of a nail-maker. In his religious principles, he was a Presbyterian of the old leaven of the Covenant; and, since I have had an opportunity of seeing men, and of observing their walk and conversation, I have not met with a more conscientious Christian. He was lowly and meek in his dispositions, and regarded with a sorrowful indulgence the faults, as well as the frailties of human nature.

His constitutional piety made him see all things with the eyes of benevolence, and he cherished a sedate persuasion, that whatsoever came to pass, though at the time it might be an affliction, was yet the forerunner of good. Supported by this comforting opinion, he endured misfortunes with singular patience, even whilst it was evident, that to him evils were no lighter than to those who were more audible in their sufferings. He enjoyed, likewise, a large gift of common sense, which enabled him to discern the latent folly of many a plausible specula-

tion, and by his sober mother wit, he obtained greater reverence amongst his neighbours than belonged to his humble station, or even to the sanctity of his office, as an elder of the parish.

The earliest event whereof I retain any distinct imagery, was the death of my mother. I was then in my third year; of herself I bear no recollection, but the death-bed spectacle is still vivid. I yet see the family weeping around her, and I hear a fearful sound:—my father gives her drink from a small white porringer, which, long afterwards, as it stood untouched in the cupboard, I regarded with awe and sorrow, I knew not wherefore—He softly withdraws his arm from behind her—he rises from the bed-side, —the sound is gone, and she moves no more.

My father, as I have said, was poor, but he was very kind, and his straitened means gave him only a small command over the serviceable. The woman whom he hired to keep his house was negligent, and had but little sympathy for her helpless trust. By her carelessness — I, being weakly and needful of cherishing—lost the use of my limbs, and fell into a dwindling condition, insomuch, that when I was upwards of ten years old, a five year bairn was in comparison a Samson.

During this period I learned something of the mysteries of human nature, as I lay playing like an ashy-pet on the hearth. Those around regarding me as a heedless, harmless baby, said and did many things in my presence, presuming I knew not their meaning or intent: many a droll scene, and favours, secret, sweet, and precious have I witnessed among the lads and lasses who used to assemble at our house, in the winter evenings, when my father, he being an elder, was at the Session, anent the crying consequences of siclike kittling in corners.

But even in that state of neglect and misfortune, by which I was marred in my growth and made a lamiter for life, as it was then thought, I can yet see, as in all my other troubles, that present evil is the husk in which Providence has enclosed the germ of prosperity. If my decrepit limbs would not let me be a partaker in the bounding blessedness of the Saturday afternoon, they caused me to sit on the stool of observation, and to read with thoughtfulness the daily page of time. It is true, that the treatise of our homestead was of small matters, but in riper years, when far abroad in the world, I have often wondered that the wise and the learned, and the business of great cities, were so

little different from the carls and the cares of our own lown and lowly village.

Thus it came to pass, that the neighbours thought me, while I was yet but a perfect laddie, something by ordinar, and the minister once said to my father before me, who was lamenting my weakly condition, that if I was a dwarf in body I had surely a giant's head.

"I hope no', reverend Sir," said I, "for I never heard that giants were remarkable for sagacity; but the wee fairies, ye ken, are masters of men in understanding."

It was not only in that way that my infirmity proved profitable: it became, when I had recovered my health, a spur in the side of my ambition, and led me to ettle at butts far beyond the scope of the spring that was thought to be in my bow, and the strength of my arm.

Though less than the commonalty of mankind, (my stature, at this day, scarcely exceeds four feet and a half, and at no period have I weighed more than ninety-eight pounds three ounces and a half) Providence yet so turned my consciousness of inferiority, that instead of repining at being abridged in my natural rights, I, when sent to school, burned with emulation to surpass my schoolfellows, and to show the

bigger boys that the sleights of skill are more powerful than the strokes of vigour. This feeling has lived with me through life; causing my heart to overflow with thankfulness, that Heaven has been pleased to work out of the defects with which in its mysteries, I may say, it gifted me, an indemnification, in the enjoyment of earnest endeavour, far more satisfactory than the flatteries and temptations which fawn on the skirts of bodily beauty. The recovery of my health is, however, a passage in my history that should not be a passover. It was accounted an almost miraculous dispensation, and was in effect as wonderful on the mind itself as on its rickety tabernacle.

CHAPTER II.

She knew the herb,
Where it grew best, and when it should be gather'd.

It would be wearisome to descant at any greater length on my weakliness and deformity, or of how the neighbours lamented that such a spunk o' geni, as they spoke of me in their cracks, should remain an object for life. Some proposed one kind of infallible, and some another; and the minister's wife was every summer vehement in her prescriptions of the salt-water at Fisherraw. But season after season came and passed;—the bud biggent and the blossom bloomed; the summer-nymph with her gowan een, walked away in the sunshine of the mountains;—blithsome harvest laid down her apronful of sheaves at the barn-door, and the gaberloony winter arose from the chumly-lug, and hirpled o'er the hill, but still no change came to me.

At last, one morning, a gang of tinklers, with smiddy bellows, and other implements for making horn-spoons, came to the town; and among them a decent, gausy, conversible carlin, that could turn coats and shape gumashins, for which faculty she was feed to do a day's darg in my father's house. In this, which came out of a necessity on his part, there was a manifestation of Providence towards me. For Lucky A'things, as she was called, happened to cast a pitiful eye on me, as I was sitting by the fire-side, making a whistle of a willow-wand, and she began to discourse with my father concerning my complaints.

Well may I remember what she said, for she spoke with great rationality, and in a manner that was more like a graduate than a granny. I had not, indeed, until that time, heard or seen any sort of womankind possessed of such insight. It is true, that among the old women of the clachen, there were not wanting two or three who had gleaned in their time a few ears of experience.

Mrs. Musket, the widow of a serjeant who was slain at her side in the battle of Minden, was one of those, and it was allowed that her skill in bruises, visible hurts, and the cutted

fingers of the shearers, would have made the fortune of an Edinbro' doctor. But she could not discern the sources of natural disease, and I had no benefit at her hands; moreover, my father, who was a pious and sincere man, did not like to see her about the house and among his young family, for she cursed like a drum-major, and when in her cups, which was too often, her nieve was worse than a battering-ram.

This Mrs. Musket was of the West country, and her maiden name had been Barbara Graham. Some time, shortly after my recovery, she began now and then, when her means were low, to hint to the lasses that she had a gift, and could read tea-cups and cut the matrimonial cards, whereby she wiled from the simpletons many a siller penny and black bawbee. But notwithstanding her necromancy, old age and its decrepitude came upon her, and by the rhuematics in her feet she was rendered incapable of spinning; indeed, to say the truth, it was reported to her disparagement that she never was good at the trade, and that if another turn could be got, her wheel might stand still. This, poor creature! led on in time to beggary; being, however, a Graham, as there is box for folk of that name in Glasgow, it came to pass

that she applied in her auld days for a recommendation to get her taken into the society; and our minister being a conscientious man with a feeling heart, wrote in her behalf, but he could not commend her just so strongly as he could have wished, nor could he conceal her fault, so that in his letter to the managers he was obligated to say, that for her moral character he had but little to advocate, farther than she was a soldier's widow, and a professor of judicial astrology, or, what was vulgarly called, a spaewife. However, it got her put upon the list, and sometime after, when she quitted this world, her departal was more lamented among us than would been that of many another of more worth. She was really, though at times a camp randy, a pawkie and droll carlin.

Widow Forceps, the midwife, was another of our college of physicians, but although Mrs. Musket, who could speak French, acknowledged she was "a bungsage fum," it was generally thought that, excepting in teethings and kinkhost, her discernment in the bodily afflictions was but moderate: she likewise could do nothing with mine.

And Mrs. Hyssop, the minister's wife, as I

have already hinted, had also taken out a diploma, and was great, in weakly cases, on sea-bathing. For what she called an obstacle in the stomach she had castor oil; and for sore eyes, a salve made of bread and water boiled with a drug in a skillet that had been scoured with smiddy auze; yet for all that her faculty was not overly reverenced, and my father could not abide her coming to the house, for she would ask questions, and examine about every thing that was in chest or drawer, and sometimes alleged that in our meal of potatoes and salt there was an evidence of wastry; but notwithstanding this meddling turn, which, poor Leddy, she could not help, for in her it was nature and instinct, whenever she did look in upon me, my father always treated her with the greatest respect, on account of his veneration for her husband the minister.

But to return to Lucky-A'things, the gipsy-wife; no sooner did she begin to speak anent my ailments, than it was manifest to my hearing that she knew wherein lay the cause. For she remarked to my father, that instead of letting me sit all day, croining and dwining, peaking and pining, at the fire-side, I should be taken to the hill-top to breathe the good-will

of the westlin winds. This was surely sensible; for sometimes, when sitting in my chair at the door-cheek, on the shady side of the house, in a summer-day, I have had a pleasant experience of a freshness in my blood, that gave me an inkling of what health might be.

Lucky-A'things, then told him of a cure she had heard of in a case like mine, and advised him to try it. This remedy was to take the patient for the summer to the south-side of some high hill, where certain little, striped, and painted shell-snails, which she described, are found. Of these, the patient, with his own hands, was to collect every afternoon about half a mutchkin, which, in the morning, after they had been seethed in new milk, he was to eat when nearly cold, with oatmeal, for his breakfast. And she gave reasons why it was a course of medicine that could not but do good; inasmuch as fresh air, and very moderate exercise, were indispensable to the regimen. My father was persuaded to follow her counsels, and accordingly I was sent to board in a farm-house on the hill, where the Romans, in ancient times, had an encampment. That hill abounded in the snails, and in collecting them, I was delighted with the beauty of their shells, and hunt-

ed for them amidst the thymy pasturage with an avidity that forced me to exercise my limbs. At first, indeed, I could only crawl, but as the summer warmed, I gradually grew stronger and stronger, insomuch that one sabbath-afternoon, when my father came to see me, I was able to run to meet him, which so filled him with thankfulness, that he offered the incense of gratitude on the spot, extolling the goodness which had given such a signal of deliverance.

Never can I forget that hour and incident; we were alone, like Abraham and Isaac, in the solitude of the mountain-top together. Far into the west, (the setting sun being then enthroned in the midst of his evening glory,) beyond the Pentlands, lay a goodly prospect of the riches of the earth; the south also, spread at our feet the green fields and prosperous granges of East-Lothian; on the left lay the ocean, in holy tranquillity, as if it was conscious of the sanctity of the Sabbath, and behind, the everlasting hills of the north lifted up their foreheads in brightness—I sat down on the grass as my father was kneeling, and I felt, as his solemn voice sounded in the still air, the spirit of divine grace enter my young heart, as if it had there found a nest.

From that epoch, I began to think of the nature of this life, as well as of the mystery which hath clothed the spirit as with a vestment of dreams; and I had often after, in the course of the remainder of the season, stripling as I then was, a wonderful experience, that the scope of our discernments is not confined to present things; nor is this notion phantastical, for future events have clearly proved to me, that the fancies of the boy are many times the foretastes of the man's fortunes.

Sometimes, as I lay with my hands beneath my head on the gowany quilt of the sunny hill-side, I have had marvellous communications with futurity, and I have seen such similitudes of unborn events, that when the issues of providence brought on the realities, the acquist had none of its natural influence, neither moving the joy nor the sorrow which it ought to have wrought. I have met with unbelieving men, who regarded these intimations of what shall be, as mirages of enthusiasm; but the traditions of all ages have hallowed them to faith, and bound them up with the apocalypses of religion.

CHAPTER III.

Go on, fear not,
But taking brave assurance from the past,
Meet calmly what shall be. 'Tis what hath been.

THOUGH small of body, and, even after the recovery of my health and the use of my limbs, a dwarf in strength as well as in stature, I yet grew into the possession of a brisk and courageous spirit: no one could disparage my capacity either in school-learning or the craft of our business. My father being a nailer, I was brought up to his trade, and in it equalled all, and surpassed many of my workfellows, being so stirred with a lively desire to excel.

This zeal of emulation animated me in every undertaking. I remember an occurrence which took place in my fourteenth year, and which, though in itself a boyish adventure, I have often since thought was an epitome of my whole conduct in life.

The eldest son of the Duke of Buccleugh had come of age, and among other gratulations fire-works were to be displayed in the evening in front of the palace; and, that the people in our village might join in the festivity, the drummer was sent round to give notice, that the gates of the park would be set open for half an hour, and that all those who came in time would be admitted. Something, which I have forgotten, detained me too long, for just as I reached the gates, the time had expired, and they were shut.

I was both mortified and disappointed to be so excluded, and proposed to some other lads, who were in the same situation, that we should scale the park wall, which was ten feet high, built of stone and smoothly harled; but none would agree to this, prudently remarking, that should they be able to attain the top, we knew not the danger of getting down, nor the perils which might lie in ambush on the other side, especially as it was known that a deep ditch was to be leapt over, and that man-traps and spring guns were set in different parts of the policy.

However, I was not to be daunted from my purpose by the fears of my companions: I was

only anxious to mount upon the top of the wall, regardless of all consequences. By getting on the shoulders of the tallest of the party I reached the height, when I began to think on the dangers within; but reflection was only adding to my apprehensions; I had, like Julius Cæsar, passed the Rubicon—I dropped at once on the other side, and as Providence ordered it, I fell on a soft bed of leaves which the winds had collected in the ditch. Nothing hurt, I ran through the woods towards the palace, guided by the lights there, and arrived safe and in time to see the show, notwithstanding all the traps and spring-guns which lay, like snakes, in the grass.

When the fire-works were over, the multitude dispersed, but I happened to tarry, with other idle boys, collecting the burnt-out rockets and such like trophies of the entertainment, by which negligence, on reaching the gate, I found the porter rampaging with a horse-whip, roundly chastising the boys as they passed out, for keeping him so long waiting.

This was a dreadful sight, but I was helped in my need with that mother wit which had been vouchsafed to me, as consolation for the solitary sufferings of my childhood.

I stepped back a few yards to consider by what means I might escape the dragon, and stepping back I observed a gentleman's servant with two of his master's sons, one in each hand; thereupon I attached myself to one of the boys, and began to converse with him concerning the splendour we had been witnessing. As we approached towards the rampant horse-magog, I took the boy's hand as if he had been my equal, and so slipped through the gate unmolested.

Many a time have I since meditated on this device, and on the providence of that night, when reckless of consequences, I have mounted the wall-top of some difficult enterprise, and it was then comforting to reflect how I had been guided through the snares of the Duke's park, and instructed to escape from the lash of yon hurricane in livery.

CHAPTER IV.

O'er the vine-covered hills and gay valleys of France,
See the day-star of liberty rise.

In the year Ninety-two, when the French Revolution was lowing to the lumhead, and the pulpit and the press were beating the drum and sounding the trumpet to rally the champions and the adversaries of Reform, I, with that brave confidence in myself which has been so often a staff in my hand in the perils of tribulation, could do no less than become one of the Friends of the People.

Though time and riper knowledge have abated my veneration for the undertakings of our society, I yet must confess, even while I look back on some of them with a risible eye, that there was a pleasure in the phantasies of our sederunts which I doubt if wiser parliamenting often furnishes. For my own part, though I never either seconded the pro-

ject for the partition of the Duke's property, or advocated the right to overthrow Kings, I cannot deny that I had queer thoughts as to how my small stature would look in senatorial garments, especially when at every new meeting of the society I spoke better and better, and was thought by many to be in a fair way of becoming a finished orator.—But the hopes of man are perishable!

We had opened a connexion with the Corresponding Society of London, and a bright vista of a Reformed Parliament shone before us. The day, in the opinion of all, was at hand when our heretofore obscure names would be emblazoned on the monuments of renown, with those of the ancient worthies and Solons of old. But as the fulness of time drew near when, as we deemed, the millennium was, by our own achievement, to come to pass, I was seized with occasional misgivings, and could not believe it had ever been ordained that a wee coomy thing of a nailer like me was to shine amidst the stars of the nations.

One morning, as I was under this dismay and shadow of a cloud, I was roused by a clap of thunder. Out came a warrant from Edinburgh, whereby seventeen of us were marched, in two

and two, and an odd one, as prisoners to answer for High-treason afore the Lords. The consternation among us was, however, but for a short season, for when we saw the dragoons around us flashing their flaming swords, our hearts swelled with pride. God forgive our vanity! we thought ourselves martyrs, and marched away singing *ça iras* of patriotism, confident that the fraternal citizens of Edinburgh would, when they saw us, rise in a mass, make our cause their own, and install us in the Parliament House to work wonders.

But the vapour was soon let out of our balloon hearts: as we entered the town a crowd was collected to see us, in which a loquacious old Highland randy, with a tartan gown and a big key in her hand, was loud in her vociferous contempt at our appearance. When she beheld me, hirpling among the hindmost, she gave a loud shout, clapping her hands in a fool-like manner, and crying, "Losh preserve 's! but the King maun be a coward if he's frightened for sic a modiwart," and the crowd joining in her obscene rhapsodies, we were humbled to the dust. I wished myself a mousie and could see a hole into which I might creep. I need not therefore say, that when we came before the

Sheriff, I was incapable of uttering a single word of the noble speech I had meditated as we came along.

But by that contempt the favour of Providence was manifested. Our proud hearts became as flattened as unblown bag-pipes, and our countenances saddened with humiliations,—we were objects of pity more than of scorn by the time we reached the council-chamber, where the Lord Advocate with the Sheriff and the Bailies, were awaiting our arrival. There was in consequence, when we were accused of high-treason, a raising of eyes and a lifting of hands, as if it was impossible we could be traitors; indeed we certainly had not much in our appearance to bring to mind the rampageous barons and iron Johnny Armstrongs of auld Langsyne, being all young lads of mechanical vocations; only myself of the whole tot was accustomed to the handling of iron, and that was in the way of my trade; it is true that two of us were tailors, and a needle may be reckoned a sharp weapon.

One of the Bailies, a small red-faced man, with a rotund belly, when he heard us charged with imagining and compassing the death of the King, could sit still no longer.

“ My Lord Advocate,” said he, “ it ’s no pos-

sible; it's no in the power of nature, my Lord, that such poor waifes could be guilty of any thing like that. That they might ha'e dreamt of reforming the Government, I'll no' contest—for that's an itch and malady common among the lower orders, and especially among those of the sederunt crafts. Are not thir misguided lads, for the most part, weavers? and are not weavers well known to be subject to philosophy, which mounts from the empty stomach to the brain, and infects it as with a vapour? Oh, my Lord! look at that Duddy Bogle, (that was me,) can ye for a possibility think that he's an orator of the human race, though in a certain sense, meaning his dress, he may be like Anacharsis' Clouts."

The humbling pathos of this address, had, with the illustration of our downcast countenances, a great effect on all present, and the Lord Advocate and the Sheriff, after consulting, agreed to take a small bail for our appearance to stand trial when called, and the bail being given by some of our friends who had followed us, we were dismissed with a contemptuous exhortation, which, after what we had undergone, might well have been spared.

CHAPTER V.

The booming wind, the roaring sea,
The tolling of the untouched bell,
The fearful lurches to the lea,
And worse than all, the lubber's yell.

The tribulation into which I had thus brought myself, gave my father a sore heart, and a ship, the Providence of New York,—happy name!—being then lying at Leith, taking passengers, he, to get me and my brother out of harm's way, paid for our passage by her, and after arranging with our bailsmen, sent us off to espouse our fortunes in America.

She was a very small vessel, and having on board above a hundred persons, crew and passengers, to describe all that befell us during the voyage, would, without other matter, fill a big book.

Before this time I had never been twenty miles from the house in which I was born, and save the summer I spent on the hills recovering

my health, I had not been three nights from home. Here, in my twentieth year, was I, without having experienced or seen aught that could be said to be of the world, set as it were on my feet, close jammed in a crowd, from whom there was no retreating, whose ends, motives, and dispositions, were as various as their faces. But even in this discomfort there was matter for thankfulness; our situation was such, that we could not indulge in reflection; our attention was distracted by the bustle around us; and I saw the hills of my home passing away without having time to breathe a sigh towards them.

It was a maxim and a saying of my worthy father, that young people ought to earn money before they begin to spend; and accordingly the outfit of my brother and myself, though we were well provided with necessaries, was yet, in the way of money, both of us thought, rather stinted.

After laying in for us a large chest (which had been an heir-loom for near a century) well filled with clothing, and a reasonable stock of such provisions as the ship did not furnish to steerage passengers, the old man with his parting benediction gave us twenty shillings for contingent expenses, after we might land in

New York, and to support us until we should get into employment.

The ship, as I have already mentioned, was extremely crowded. Betwixt decks she was only four feet and a half in height, with two tier of sleeping berths on each side of the steerage, and three persons slept in every berth.

With my brother and myself slept a large Benlomond of a Highland porter, and with the wonted selfishness of his countrymen, he would always lie on the front of the berth without regard to the tack the ship was on, so that I being stowed between him and my brother, was often in danger of being smothered by his bulk and enormous weight. Moreover, he was subject to the nightmare and to talking in his sleep. One stormy night he dreamt the ship was sinking, and roared with all the might of his tremendous voice—"Lord God Almighty! help, help!"—A large Newfoundland dog on deck took the alarm, and began to bark and bay with all its might and main; I too awoke with the cry, and catching the alarm roared "murder, murder!"

When a light was procured, what a vision was revealed! men and women rolling out of their berths, some with petticoats, some with

drawers, and some in a state of nature—children screaming—women wringing their hands, and commodities and utensils that are best out of sight, capering and triumphing, as if they had the instincts of life, like termagants in a passion.

After we had been two or three days at sea, and the passengers had got somewhat over the customary sickness, the captain called the roll of us, and appointed every seventh man the head of a mess.

The duty of the mess-man was to receive from the mate provisions for a week for himself and six comrades. It fell to my lot to be a mess-man, being one of the seventh numbers, and in addition to receiving and serving the rations, it was my duty to keep our pots and pans clean.

Among other articles we were allowed a pint of molasses per day; and it happened, after some days, that the mate neglected to serve out the molasses, by which much grumbling arose among the passengers. A meeting was held between-decks, and I, [observe how things are brought to servitude and use]—having acquired some skill in the method of managing assemblies in the Society of the Friends of the People,

was on this occasion chosen moderator, and appointed to represent the grievance to the captain, which I did in a creditable manner next day on the quarter-deck. The mate was called on for an explanation, and gave as a reason the want of time, whereupon I said to the captain, if he would allow the mate to give me the quantity every morning I would serve it out to the different messes. This suggestion was adopted, and executed by me to the end of our voyage. But this was not the only mutiny that disturbed the orderliness of the ship.

Every person on board was allowed two porter-bottles of water every morning. One bottle was to go into the ship's boiler to make our porridge; and from this, as we got into the warm latitudes, sprang the second mutiny. Many of the passengers, instead of depositing their allowance of water in the breakfast-kettle, reserved it for drinking, but when the porridge was dealing out, they also came in for their share: thus it came to pass, that for several mornings there was not enough made to supply the several messes. I soon found out the cause, and stated the difficulty to the captain, who authorised me to stand by the kettle to see that none received any of the porridge, but

only those who had put in their bottles of water. This order I faithfully executed during the remainder of our passage, and finally my firmness and equity in the trust gained me the goodwill of all on board.

Among the passengers, were, of course, both odd and curious characters; and as the revolutionary fever was then raging on sea and land, our ship was a type of the world;—we had heads so hot, that all the waters of the Atlantic could not have cooled them; we had also men of diverse religions, and of no religion; and it was not uncommon when the wind was fair, and the weather fine, to see an antiburgher minister, one of whom was on board, holding forth on the quarter-deck, and singing the old version of the psalms of David, and at the same time a batch of eight or ten universalists, chanting the Winchester hymns on the forecastle. At last their controversies grew to such a pitch, that the captain was obliged to put a stop to their strivings, by declaring the Presbyterian religion to be the established religion of his ship.

The courteous reader will see by what has been related, that what with the business I had in hand by day, and what with the oppression

of the dreadful Celt by night, I had no time to philosophise on the wonders of the deep. I trust he will likewise see a better thing—and that is, the extraordinary manner in which I was made an instrument to prevent misrule and mutiny in the ship, and to minister to the comfort of all on board.

CHAPTER VI.

The world was all before them where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.

I HAVE now to speak of the greatest event in my eventful history, being no less than of my arrival in New York, and of the great things which were done for me on that occasion. Hitherto, saving in the small matters rehearsed in the foregoing pages, I may say I had been but as a bird in the nest. For nearly thirteen years I had sat on my hunkers, in the puddock hair, under the wing of a kind parent, eating the worms and crumbs which Providence gave him, in the wherewithal with which he fed me. And though I was at last strengthened to an ability that enabled me to jump out upon the household boughs and to pick and carol in companionship, who ever thought that my wings were feathered for such an eagle's flight as a sweep across the wide Atlantic?

Here were my brother and I in a new world, two inexperienced young men, with scarcely a crown remaining of all the pound which our loving father had bestowed upon us, with the tear in his eye, and his blessing. It is true, like Adam and Eve, when driven out of the garden of Eden, we had Providence for our guide, as that solemn sounding gong of the Gospel, the mighty John Milton, bears testimony; but we were worse off, for they had the world all before them where to choose: we had no choice.

I say we scarcely had a crown remaining; we had but three shillings and sixpence, for with all our frugality, and notwithstanding our well-plenished ark, we had several items of necessaries to buy from the ship's steward, by which our pound was cast into a consumption. But an encouraging spirit inspired our bosoms, and in our fortunes we feared none ill.

It was on the 16th of June, Anno Domini 1794, about ten o'clock, A. M. that our ship came to anchor opposite the city.

In those days New York cut but a humelt* appearance from the water. The only steeples tall enough to be seen to any advantage, were

* Want of horns.

those of the Trinity church, St. George's, and the new Dutch church fronting on Liberty Nassau and Cedar streets. The stores were mean, temporary timber tabernacles, compared with those Tower-of-Babel warehouses which now surpass the warehouses of Tarshish and of Tyre, and lift their lofty foreheads, in the pride of prosperity, over the tributary fleets that pamper them with treasures from the uttermost ends of the earth.

The anchor was scarcely cast into the water when the vessel was surrounded with boats, and I believe every passenger but myself went on shore: my brother went too, and, for fear of accidents, took all that was left of our cargo of specie with him. If ever I felt the chill of the shadow of the clouds of fate fall upon my spirit, it was at the moment when he stepped over the gunwale down into the boat, and yet it was a sadness without dread. I felt I was on the wall-top of my fortune, and that to return was as dangerous as to leap the unknown side—moreover, there was in my imagination a glimmering of bright and beautiful things—they may be summer couts thought I; and the fear of that was the cause of my solemnity.

In those days, a ship with passengers was a

rare sight; but as New York was then full of Scotchmen, I was not long of discovering among the crowd that came on board to hear the news, several of my countrymen, which emboldened me to address one who had come from Edinburgh about a year before.

After some talk, I inquired if he thought my brother and I could get employment to make nails; but he struck my heart with a snow-ball, in saying he thought not, for that a machine for cutting nails out of iron hoops had been recently set up, by which the Americans were of opinion they would soon have the supplying of the whole world with nails. The dismay did not last long.

While we were conversing, a passenger, who had been on shore, returned, and having changed a guinea, he paid me a sixpence, which he owed for a glass of wine to one of his children when it was sick. At the time there was none but ours remaining on board, all that had been provided for the cabin passengers was drunk out: we had been then eight weeks at sea.

I should here note as a matter worthy of remark, and creditable both to my brother and me, although we could afford to bring with us

but one bottle of wine, we yet, by a judicious economy, had the last wine in the ship.

About eleven o'clock the captain returned on board, bringing a capital supply of fine fresh beef and new potatoes, which he told the cook to get ready for the sailors' dinner, and seeing me looking very sober and somewhat downhearted, he bade me join the mess and not to be discouraged,—"for if there is a man on board," said he, "to make a figure and a fortune, you are the man."

Being thus so cheered, my heart was lightened, and I went about as usual to assist the cook, (he was a black man,) and being anxious to taste fresh meat, we proceeded to get dinner ready as quickly as possible. I sat down with Cato, as he was called, square on the deck, his feet against my feet, with a wooden bowl of potatoes between our legs, and began to scrape off the skins.

While thus employed, a boat came alongside with several visitors. One inquired for a farmer's servant, wishing to engage one; another for a housemaid; and the third, thanks be and praise! asked if there was a nail-maker on board. My greedy ear snapped the word as a trout

does a fly, and looking up, I answered, "I am one."

"You," replied he, looking down as if I was a fairy, "you, can you make nails?"

"I'll wager a sixpence," (all I had) was my answer, "that I'll make more nails in one day than any man in America."

This reply, the manner of it, and the figure of the braggery set all present into a roar of laughter, which ended by Mr. Tongs (that was the stranger's name) giving me his card and requesting me to call with my brother at his store.

As an apology for having made so bold a brag, I may mention, that a few weeks before leaving home I did, for a bet of sixpence, make in one day, between six in the morning and nine at night, three thousand two hundred and twenty nails, which was more, by four hundred, than ever was heard of in Britain as the work of one man among the craft within the like period of time.

When my brother returned on board, and the vessel had been hauled to the wharf at the foot of Government-lane, we went ashore together; but, like Noah's dove, we were timid, and having no place of rest, returned back to

the ship for the night, where we slept with more comfort than we had done since the day of our departure from the pier of Leith, communing and rejoicing together at the wonderful manner in which an angel of deliverance, in the shape of Mr. Tongs, had been sent, a present aid, in the midst of our straits and fears.

CHAPTER VII.

I thought upon that kindly hearth,
The hawthorn and the burn—
Had I the wealth in Hyder's vaults,
I 'd leave it to return.

NEXT morning we sallied forth, with the important card in our hand, "No. 33, Maiden-lane," in search of Mr. Tongs, and at the head of the wharf we were stopped by a man, who told us his name was Anvil. He had seen us land; and, wonderful to relate, he inquired if our ship had brought any nail-makers over. Here already was a competition for us in the market!

We replied, we were nail-makers by trade, and informed him that we were then going to 33, Maiden-lane, where we expected to find employment.

He advised us, on hearing this, to go first and see his shop, which was hard by; and said

he would employ us, and pay a penny a pound more for making nails than ever had been given before, as he was much in want of hands, all his men having gone to sea. We accordingly went, and found in his shop places for twelve men to work, but only one occupied. He made us many tempting offers, which we partly agreed to accept; only, as we had promised to give Mr. Tongs a call, we thought it would be but fair to hear his terms, before coming to a definitive treaty.

I thought, however, upon consideration, that as a bird in the hand is better than two in the bush, and especially as Mr. Anvil appeared to be a reasonable and liberal man, it would be as well to accept his terms, so I went back to the vessel: and my brother, to make good my promise, went to see how the land lay at Mr. Tongs's. But when he returned and told me that Mr. Tongs and his wife were Scotch folks; that we could have the shop to ourselves, as it was quite empty; that he would do all for us that Anvil had promised, and that besides he was not given to swearing like the other, we concluded to go to him.

Experience caused us to thank Providence for so directing our choice, for Mr. and Mrs.

Tongs were Christian people, and treated us as if we had been their own children. Moreover, there was an instance of even greater goodness vouchsafed to us on this occasion, for having the shop to ourselves, we were not exposed to the corruptions of bad company.

When established in the exercise of our vocation we engaged to board in a house which is still standing, No. 8, Dutch-street. Mr. Lapstone, a shoemaker, occupied the ground-floor, and David Shavings, a carpenter, lived upstairs; his wife kept a few boarders, and they being all Edinbro' folk, we, from natural affection, went to board there too.

About sun-down, on the 17th day of the month, the afternoon being calm, with fair weather and light breezes, as the ship's mate used to write in his log-book, we brought our baggage from the vessel to the house. It consisted of the large chest, the ancient ark, whereof I have before spoken, containing our clothes, a box of books, a mattress and blankets. But I suspect that we, the lords of this cargo of riches, made but a sorry appearance: for it was quite repugnant to our Scottish notions of economy to wear our Sunday's coat on a week day. But however that may have been, the appear-

ance of a cart at the door with our movables drew out the wrath and body of Mr. Lapstone to the street, declaring that our rubbish should not enter the house; that Mr. Shavings hired the house from him, and that he should not bring any of his dirty Irish blackguards into his house, with a great deal of other bow-wow. Had he called us lousy Scotch, we might have endured it, but to be thought Irish was a dose I could not swallow. However, after the war of words had raged for some time a parley was obtained, and we were permitted to convey our bedding and baggage to the garret.

This reception was, no doubt, very uncourteous, but I got my revenge though it was seven years after. I then kept a grocery, and one morning that rabiator, Mr. Lapstone, came into the shop. He either knew me not, or thought I knew not him. He asked if I would give him a few articles on credit, and he looked decayed and poor—I gave him what he wanted and treated him with kindness. As he seemed thankful, I inquired if he had ever known me before; he said it was only within a few weeks he had seen me: I then reminded him of the rough opposition he had made to my brother and me, when we went to lodge with Mr. Shav-

ings, and added, I had now had an opportunity of returning good for evil; at which he became much confused, and left the shop, but never returned.

As I have mentioned, we deposited our luggage in the garret, but our accommodation was not comfortable. Shavings and his wife were poor, and not having a spare bed, we laid our mattress on the floor, and made a bed with our own clothes.

The weather was hot; the garret was alive with musquitoes, domestic familiars, and other bloody-minded beasts of prey: I could not of course sleep.

About midnight it began to thunder, and the rain rattled on the shingles of the roof with a noise I had never heard before. The deep and dreadful drumming of the thunder, the vivid flashes of the lightning, so unlike the sober and considerate thunder-claps and glances I was used to at home, alarmed me greatly—sleep flew away in a fright from my eyelids, and I tossed on the rack of restless ecstasy until the morning light began to dawn.

After thanking the Lord for his preserving mercies through such a night, I thought, by way of passing the time until the people should

begin to stir, to unpack our box of books, which had not been opened since it was packed in our father's house: my brother and three of the other boarders, who lodged in the same room, were fast asleep. I was feverish and low spirited; the sultriness of the air and the want of rest had greatly discomposed me; I longed to be again in my father's house, and I resolved, if spared, to earn as much money as would pay my passage home. But *He*, in whose hands are all our ways, had ordained that the fond wishes of that disconsolate moment should not come to pass.

When I opened the box of books, the first that caught my eye was a small pocket Bible. It had been placed there by the hands of our pious father. Without purpose I opened the book—my thoughts were running on our home and the kind old man, and my eyes were suddenly fascinated with these words—"My son, forget not my laws," and I read on to the end of the chapter—the 3rd of Proverbs.

Now, reader, if thou art a believer in a particular Providence, I request thee to take thy Bible and to read that chapter, and say if it was a vain enthusiasm which made me in such circumstances look upon it as a divine instruc-

tion how to shape my course. It filled me with hope and comfort, and a joyful admiration—I fell on my knees, with my face towards the east, where Scotland lies, the land of my home. The sun was just rising—it was the time when my father's family assembled at family worship. I knew we should not then be forgotten in this foreign land—I thought I was joining in the exercise, and rejoiced that as sure as the same glorious sun shone on us all at the same time, so sure the eyes of the Lord were on us in every place to guide, instruct, and preserve us. I took the walls to witness, that if the Lord would be with me, and keep me in the ways in which I ought to walk, and give me meat to eat, and raiment to put on, and return me again to my father's house in peace, then, indeed, should the Lord be my God.

I rose from my kneeling, refreshed in body and mind, and went forth to earn my first cent in America.

CHAPTER VIII.

He saw her charming, but he saw not half
The charms her downcast modesty concealed.

In the course of about six weeks after we had domiciled ourselves, we changed our lodgings, and went to board with an old American lady, a widow, with a daughter, who lived in a wooden house, where No. 100, Liberty-street, now stands. In this house we learned the secret, that in whatever country Heaven is pleased to cast a man's lot, if he expects to live comfortably, he must live with the natives of the country; and for the same reason, if he wants a wife, he should marry a woman who has been brought up there. We here found the victuals cooked as they ought to be; but in the European boarding-houses the proverb holds good, that God gives meat, and the Devil sends cooks. How, indeed, can a woman make a pie that never saw a pumpkin? How can she make cakes who never saw buckwheat?

The daughter of our landlady was a big, masculine, single damsel, about thirty-five years of age; she, however, had a child, but where she got it I know not, as I never could learn that she had had a husband. This child took sick, and one morning, after it had been ill some four or five days, I was in the jeopardy of falling into a deep pit just as I was stepping in the morning out of doors. This pit had been dug by the swine in the course of the previous night, and when it was discovered, the child was given up for lost, for the hogs are regarded as ominous grave-diggers; great lamentations and woe accordingly took place, and sure enough that same evening the child was removed.

It was about this time that the rage for moving up-town commenced, and our good landlady, at the instigation of her big daughter, could do no less than follow the fashion of the town, with a cart-load of movables, driven by a Dutch carman, leaving us to seek new lodgings, which we found in a house next door to our workshop.

When my brother and I had hoisted our large chest up-stairs, and landed it safely in the attic where we were to sleep, I sat down upon

the lid and began to moralize.—"Well," said I to myself, "I guess this New York is a stirring place. Here we have been little more than four months, and have already lived in three different families, and all by their, not our, movements."

The time I lived with the lady and her large daughter was the only period of my sojourn in America that I spent in juvenile amusements. The school for the children belonging to the Society of Friends was kept up in a small building on the spot where the meeting-house now stands. Brown, afterwards General Brown, who bore a conspicuous part in what was termed the Northern Campaign, in 1812 or 1813, was at that time their teacher. The boys before school-hours assembled in our nail-shop, where they used to warm themselves, and amuse away their spare time by feeding a monkey I had obtained from a Portuguese vessel, and kept in the shop. They always brought nuts and apples enough to supply the wants of Jacko and his master. And here again I beseech the courteous reader to recollect this circumstance, for, as will be seen in the sequel, the goodness of Providence in giving to me that monkey was made most manifest.

By means of Jacko, I formed an acquaintance with many of those young lads who are now useful and respectable men of business in the city, and who have on divers occasions proved to me friends indeed. But for the present I am called upon to observe, that I was soon to be occupied with more important matters than feeding monkeys and cracking nuts.

It has always been my custom to rise early, and as the house in which I slept was on the right-hand side in Liberty-street, a few rods below Lumber-street, I kept on that side in going and coming. I observed almost every morning, just as I had crossed from Dark's corner,—(so called from Mr. John. B. Dark, the most extensive retail hardware-dealer in all New York, keeping his store on the west corner of Liberty-street and Broadway,)—that a young woman met me exactly at the same spot. The first few times I thought nothing of this; but the same thing continuing many days, I began to wonder what the young woman could be doing up so early every morning. Just as the clock struck five I crossed Broadway, (this was in August and September,) and she at that same time turned the corner and walked towards the battery.

There was nothing about her which inspired me with any other sentiment than curiosity at the odd circumstance of meeting her always on the same spot, and at so early an hour. Sometimes I would stop for a moment and look after her: she was tall, about five feet seven inches, and her face was pale, with sometimes a slight hectical tinge of red on the cheek, and I thought I could read melancholy in her countenance. Her carriage was very erect, and she walked with a slow solemn step, like a veteran meditating on his part of the scenes and dangers he had passed.

According to the fashion of the time, she wore a small black beaver-hat, with two cords on each side to turn up the brim, just enough to show the ears. Her hair, which was long and flaxen, was turned up in a broad fold, the extreme ends being fastened under the hat, and the broad fold spreading in a genteel manner over her shoulders. Her dress, otherwise, was neat and plain, and denoted neither poverty nor riches.

For many mornings we continued to meet and pass each other at the same time and spot without growing into any acquaintanceship, for I satisfied myself with the conjecture that she

was a mantua-maker, and rose so early to walk on the battery for the benefit of her health before going to her seam.

One day, as I was at work in the lower part of our yard, I noticed a number of people in the street looking earnestly towards Broadway. Curiosity led me out to inquire the cause, when I saw a hearse standing at the door of the next house, and was informed that there was to be a burial; not having seen such a thing in America, I stopped a few minutes to look at it.

The corpse was brought out, followed by an elderly lady and this same mysterious young woman. I then inquired at a neighbour who they were, and was told they were the wife and daughter of the deceased, and that they were very poor, but greatly respected, especially the daughter, who by her needle was the chief support of the family. With her fair hair, black hat, mourning dress, and pale countenance, she seemed to me to resemble one of those Eastern ladies, who, having offended their tyrant lords, are bled to death, and just on the point of sinking with their last sigh—so wan, so delicate, so sad, and lowly she then appeared.

Next morning at the accustomed hour we again met, and continued to do so for some

time, still without a wish entering my mind to speak to her. At this period my brother and I had occasion to change our lodging, and we were desirous of being accommodated near the place of our business, but found some difficulty in being suited. One day, as I was ruminating on this, and what was best to be done, the burial which had taken place came across my mind, and I thought with myself thus:—

"The widow is poor, the daughter is of age; they must have had two beds while the husband lived—now the mother and daughter may sleep in one, and perhaps they may board and lodge us, to assist them in getting a living."

While I was thus cogitating, a neighbour, who lived in the under part of the same house, came in, as he was wont of an evening, to see us work at nail-making. I mentioned our situation to him, and asked if he thought we could be boarded up-stairs in the house where he lived. After some consultation, he went and made inquiry, and the report being favourable, we next day lugged our big chest to the new lodgings.

My wish to board there was merely for convenience, the house being next door to our

workshop. I had not the most distant inclination of courting the acquaintance of Rebecca, indeed, my inclinations were at that time far otherwise directed; they were bent on home, and I only waited until I should have earned money sufficient to carry me back.

Our landlady, Mrs. Marsden, the mother of Rebecca, was a sensible, obliging, motherly woman, and Rebecca being about our own age, appeared to us like a sister, and she became the more interesting to us both, as we knew her better, by her concern for the salvation of her soul. She was, when we became boarders, a regular attendant on the Methodists, and was entirely ignorant on the subject of the ruin of man by the fall. We, who had been instructed from our infancy in the great doctrines of the Scriptures, endeavoured together to point out to her the only path which we believed led to everlasting life. I soon, however, perceived that she preferred my company and conversation on these subjects to that of my brother, and it made me the more industrious to repay her partiality.

But before I proceed with the tender part of our courtship, I should mention that my brother's health about this time began to decline,

which induced us, in order to save him from the toil and smoke of the nail-shop, to hire a small store. Having saved about one hundred dollars, we laid it out, and fifty dollars more on credit, in hardware, consisting of needles and pins, and scissors and knives, &c. My brother was to attend the store, while I was to make nails to support us both.

When I began to place our stock on the shelves, I found it would make a very poor appearance, and as I was just beginning to find out that appearance was of great effect in this world, I procured a number of brick-bats and round junks of wood. The wood I sawed into suitable lengths, and covered it with iron-monger's paper, having a shaving-box or a snuff-box attached to the one end of each piece. These, when laid on the shelves, occupied the space of, and appeared to be six, twelve, or twenty boxes, as the size of the wood served. The brick-bats being covered and adorned with a knife and fork outside, looked equally ornamental and opulent. By this device the shelves appeared to be furnished most respectably. I also procured a glass-case to stand on the counter, in which I placed several articles for retail, and as they were sold off, I procured more, so

I had no occasion to discompose my brick and wooden representatives.

But although it must be allowed that this was a clever and innocent artifice, yet, like other dealers in the devices of cunning, I had not been circumspect at all points, for by mistake I happened to tie a round shaving-box on a brick subterfuge, which a sly pawkie old Scotchman, who sometimes stepped in for a crack, observed.

"Ay, man," says he, "but ye hae unco' queer things here! Wha ever saw a four-corner't shaving-box?" whereupon we had a hearty good laugh. "'Od," he resumed, "but ye're an auld farrant chappy, and na doubt but ye'll do weel in this country, where pawkrie is no' an ill nest-egg to begin with!"

I shall not intimate to the sagacious reader what might be the matter with my brother, but he tired of keeping store, and went off to Philadelphia, an event which caused me to be much troubled in mind. We were beginning to make a bawbee by the store, and I did not like to give it up, neither did I like to give up the nail-making, for that was sure; so I resolved to push my courtship, calculating that if I got married, I would have a store-keeper of my

own, but if not, to sell all off, and leave the city; for by this time I could not endure the thought of seeing Rebecca the wife of another. In the mean time I continued to keep the store and to follow my trade. I rose at four o'clock in the morning and made nails until eight; I then opened the store, where I remained until eight in the evening, when I shut up, and went to nail-making until twelve; thus getting but a short four hours' sleep in the four-and-twenty. But the Lord was working with me, and lessened the privation, and lightened the toil.

My nail-shop-window opened into the yard of the house where I boarded and where Rebecca lived; and after I came from the store in the evening, she used to come like a dove to the window: I helped her in, where she stayed, sewing or knitting, till midnight — I working and courting,—killing two birds with one stone.

CHAPTER IX.

As when some snowy mountain's heavenward brow
Beams with the glory of the solemn moon,
Her forehead shone with holiness.

THE great Dr. Mason was at this time in the fulness of his power; the vehement dresser of the Lord's vineyard in Cedar-street. It was with his watering-pot that my brother and I, from the time of our arrival in New York, were watered, and it was his pruning-hook that pruned in us the tendrils of worldly affection.

By our persuasion, Rebecca went with us to hear him, and having once tasted the delicious clusters of his preaching, her heart, on every new visit, longed for them more and more, until it was accomplished that she was ordained to be taken within the hedge—and a day and an hour was set, the Friday before the appointed occasion of the Lord's Supper, for her baptism;

for as yet, like many in those days, she was unsanctified by that ordinance.

As I considered myself to have been an instrument in bringing about this sacred event, I was greatly lifted out of myself on the occasion, and I resolved to be present at the solemnity.

The evening service being the time appointed, I shut up my store at an early hour, and went to the church, that I might choose a seat where I could obtain a full view of the holy ceremony. Often my eye turned towards the door, and my heart fluttered because she yet tarried. At last she entered, and my spirit was filled with awfulness and joy.

When I beheld her tall, slender, and erect form, with slow and measured steps, move up the middle aisle, dressed in a white robe in maidenly simplicity; when I saw her stand serene in the midst of a vast congregation, and give the regular tokens of assent to the vows which Dr. Mason, in a solemn and affecting voice laid upon her, while all the congregation seemed hushed in the stillness of death; when I saw her untie the black ribbon under her chin that held on her hat, whilst the minister was descending from the pulpit to administer the ordi-

nance; when I saw her hands hanging straight by her sides, one holding her hat, and the other a white handkerchief; when I saw her turn up her face to Heaven, and calmly close her eyes as the minister prepared to pour the consecrated symbol of grace; and when I saw her wipe the pearly drops, I thought that her gentle countenance shone as with a glorious transfiguration, and I swore in my heart, that with the help of the Lord, nothing but death should part us.

On our return home, she said in a sweet soft voice, that she might thank me as the means which had been employed for what had come to pass that night—I then told her, for the first time, of the fervour that was in my bosom, and added, in the words of Ruth to Naome—"Entreat me not to leave thee; where thou goest I will go, where thou lodgest I will lodge, thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God!"—such was the declaration, but the battle was yet to be fought.

She looked with pity and sorrow in my face, and turned away with a sigh. In the course of a few days I learned the cause of this sigh, and it awakened all my fears; from herself I learned it.

It arose, she said, by the pain it would give me, when she was obliged to let me know that she had been addressed by a young man for nearly two years, to whom she was all but engaged. I had seen this young man twice or thrice in the house, but I had no apprehension he was a rival. He was, indeed, so far above her in fortune, that a match between them was a thing I could never have imagined. He kept a rich jewellery store, had houses in Broadway, and was computed to be worth at least fifty thousand dollars. What a temptation to a poor girl and her mother, whose whole property was not worth a hundred; and how hopeless for me to contend with a man of such substance! I a stranger, a humble nailer, without aught to win favour in woman's eye, and who with hard working could scarcely earn seventy-five cents a day. But the industrious are near of kin to the independent, and his wealth weighed as nothing in the eyes of Rebecca compared with the estimate of his worth; for her needle was earnest and her mind was willing. But he came in the name of his God (the world), making offers of settlements on her and her relations. My trust was in another, in Him who hath all hearts in his hand, and can turn them as easily

as he turns the gently flowing stream. But at times the weakness of the mortal man overcame my confidence, and I had days darkened with doubts, and nights which, though sleepless, were yet full of dismal dreams.

Sometimes I was grieved with humility, and almost repined that Heaven had so abridged my stature, and withheld from me a fair proportion of youthful grace. Then I was moved by a strange envy, questioning wherefore I was made so uncomely, and doomed to be so poor, while others were favoured with beauty and riches; anon a ray of blessedness would break through the gloom of my spirit, and I would say, she is not so sordid as to be won by wealth alone, and hath she not often acknowledged that in her esteem a true heart and a virtuous mind were worth more than the bloom and gallantry that so easily win with the rest of her sex. But another cloud would soon overcome me; all her relations, with the exception of her excellent mother, were against me and for my rich rival,—and then I would think of them beseeching her, and sigh lest their entreaties should prevail.

One day, as I was sitting in my little store, when my thoughts were in this disconsolate uncertainty, I heard as if some invisible comforter

whispered these words to my very heart: "He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him. Delight thyself in the Lord, and he shall give thee the desire of thy heart." From that moment hope came upon me again, and despondency melted away as the morning mist, and I continued my suit with an inward confidence of success.

About a month after her baptism, we were married in the house of a friend, with quiet and sobriety befitting our circumstances; but it was an event not allowed to pass without the hand of Providence being visible in it.

As I was walking towards the house of Dr. Mason, to bespeak him for the ceremony, and to fix the time and place, being on the opposite side of the street, I observed my rival standing at his door. As I knew he was informed that Rebecca and I were soon to be married, and report said he took on like a demented man, I slackened my pace, and seeing him admitted, concluded to defer my visit until the next day, persuaded that his business was somehow connected with our affair; and so it appeared it was, for when I did call next day, the reverend Doctor told me that the young man had cried like a child, and urged him to use his influence

to break off the match. Now in this, was there not a manifest interposition? for if it had not been ordered for me to see him at Dr. Mason's door, and had I been two minutes later, we should have met in the house, what a catastrophe might have happened! In his frenzy he vowed to shoot me; and certain it is, when he heard we were married, he became quite delirious, and attempted to destroy himself; raving, had she only married a gentleman he would have thought nothing of it, but to refuse him and take up with a poor, black nail-maker was more than human nature could bear. His passion, however, soon cooled, and he comforted himself by marrying another poor girl after a few days' courtship.

Being married, the courteous reader, no doubt, thinks it was necessary for me to provide a household; for if he has a right understanding of domestic happiness, he cannot but know that a prudent pair will never abide in the parent's house of either the one or of the other. We accordingly went to housekeeping in a small wooden building, No. 22, Nassau-street, having only a ground-floor, which I partitioned off into a store, kitchen, and bedroom, which also served for our parlour. It was twelve feet by

six in extent, and I will rehearse the catalogue of our plenishing, for the benefit of other young folk.

We had a bed and bedstead, good and most comfortable of their kind—a fine table worth no less than half a dollar—three Windsor chairs, one for each of us, and a spare one for a friend —a soup-pot, a tea-kettle, likewise a tea-pot, six cups and saucers, three soup-plates, which on days of fish and steaks served as well as plain ones could have done—three pewter tea-spoons, and two soup ditto of the same material; three knives and forks, a girdle for cakes, a frying-pan, and a gridiron—it was enough—it was all we wanted, we were all the world to one another. Then was, indeed, the midsummer of my life; for now that I have carpets to be shaken, brasses to scour, stairs to scrub, mahogany to polish, china to break, servants to scold, and a cat that plays the devil, I often say to myself, in the words of Solomon, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!"

CHAPTER X.

'Twas death—in haste.

HITHERTO I may say that my lines had fallen in pleasant places—especially when, in the course of a few months after my marriage, my brother returned from Philadelphia, and became a clerk to one of the most respectable merchants in the city. This was a pleasant reunion, and all things went prosperous—my thrift was thriving, and the time when Rebecca expected to be a mother was drawing nigh. But a sentence against the city had gone forth, and the angel of the pestilence was on the threshold of Heaven, shaking his black wings for a flight to the earth. About the middle of July he alighted in New York, and with a phial in each hand, filled with the wrath of the yellow fever, he began to pour out the desolation.

On the 12th of August, a wail and lamen-

tation spread throughout the town; then there was a hurrying to and fro—the inhabitants flying from destruction, followed by carts loaded with furniture, feather-beds, and tables, a universal flitting. The city was forsaken, and Silence, with weeping eyes, sat in the market-place.

We having no friends in the country to fly to, and not having money to support us there in idleness, concluded that it was ordained for a purpose, that we should remain in the midst of the calamity—and in this frame of mind, I invited my brother and my wife's mother to join us in an offering to the Lord. We assembled in the evening; it was the sabbath, and on that day there had been no worship, for the stern angel with his phials stood at the church-door, and the worshippers dreaded to enter in.

The air was fearfully warm, and our windows were open. The setting sun shone in upon us, and we all thought, as we prepared for the prayer, that there was a yellow drowsiness in his eye, as if the glory of the world were smitten with mortal disease—we contemplated the prodigy in silence, and when he disappeared, we all fell by one thought upon our knees. It was my intent to have spoken, but

utterance was denied to me: we folded our hands and offered ourselves to the mercy of Providence with the voices of our hearts. After a season we arose and embraced one another, and cried aloud, "let the will of God be done!" My brother then went home to his master, and sickened next day, but Rebecca's mother remained with us for the night—such a night!

Next morning my employer removed his wife, and having laid in a stock of iron and coals, desired me, as he bade me farewell, to make and sell the nails; and my employment was making and selling nails for coffins. Some days after, three young men of our acquaintance, who assisted in sitting up and attending on my brother, sickened. The family where they resided had fled to the country, so that none were in the houses to give them a drink. I thought they had caught the fever from my brother, and I felt myself bound to attend them; which I did, going from house to house by day and by night; but it was not with them only that I fearlessly (trusting in the Lord,) hazarded myself,—I had many patients.

In one house lay three brothers—one after the other died, but I had time to attend the remains of the last only to Pottersfield, and

it was then I felt grief for the first time. They had been my school-fellows, we came from Scotland in the same ship, and we had all sat with our parents in the same pew in the same church.

The hearse had brought five other bodies for the sepulchre, but they were all unknown, and I was the only mourner at that funeral. I assisted the hearsemen and the sexton to lower them one by one into the same grave; but when the coffin of my friend, which was the last, was drawn out, my limbs so shook, that I could not take the cord.—Lord, in thy mercy spare me from the sorrow of such an other trial!

As I was returning home with a heavy heart, I happened to observe the door of the third house from my own open. All the family had some days before gone into the country, leaving the house to a physician, who boarded with them, and to a young man his assistant. I know not what prompted me, but I softly knocked at the door to inquire how it was with them. No one obeyed the summons,—I listened—I became alarmed; knocked a little louder, but still no one answered—I listened again; I thought I heard the groans and heavy breathing of one dying; I walked up-stairs,

and my eyes were withered with a sight that no pen can describe.

On a cot in the middle of the room lay the physician; his eyes, already glazed with the varnish of death, were fixed and without speculation, and his bosom was heaving with the last struggles of reluctant nature. I spoke—he took no notice. I called aloud for help, but there was no help. On a side-board stood a bottle with some wine, and beside it lay a table-spoon. I poured out a few drops, and applied the spoon to his lips: when it entered his mouth, he seized it so suddenly and with such force between his teeth, that it rung through the solemn room—it was the knell of death, for in the same moment he expired.

For the space of several minutes I stood immovable, overwhelmed with horror; but the flies settling in clusters on the dead man's face, recalled me to myself, and I took a bunch of weeping willows, which was lying on the floor, and brushed them away. I then drew the sheet over the corpse, and kneeling down, prayed that the reception of his soul might be happy.

The woes, however, of that terrible pestilence were not confined to the guilty race of man:

the sufferings of the lower animals were manifest and affecting. In the numerous deserted houses the poor cats were left unprovided, and they became wild with hunger. Their cries were a grief to hear, as they went about in bands, wailing for food. I gave them what I could spare, but to relieve them all was beyond my power; they died by hundreds in the street. And here, could I speak of it in adequate terms of commendation, I would record the kind-heartedness of two Long Island Irish milkmen, who for several weeks daily left a quart of milk at my door in charity to the starving cats; and at the corner of John and Cliff-street lived a large, blithe-looking black woman, who was seen every morning in the street before her door, dividing the offals which she had collected from the market among forty or fifty cats. Truly the sight of these catastrophes were sufficient to cause the pitiful eyes of gentle humanity to overflow.

But there were cumpunctionless men amongst us whom nothing at that feast of death could daunt from their orgies. One beautiful moonlight evening, towards the end of September, I walked up Broadway, mourning for the desolation around. I stopped near the spot in

Chamber-street where the man in other times used to fix his telescope to look at the moon: I felt as if I then stood on the line between the living and the dead. Below was the stillness of death, only interrupted now and then by the groans of the sick and the dying, and the rattling of the slow-coming hearse. Above was the usual bustle of street-walkers; and the wind blowing gently from the north, I could plainly distinguish the blasphemous mirth of a crowd at the door of the circus, whose interior was filled with citizens who had but lately fled from death. The sound was to my ear as rottenness to the smell; it was as the neighings of Gomorrah.

CHAPTER XI.

O sing unto my roundelay,
O drop a briny tear with me;
Dance no more on holiday:
Like a running river be;
For she is dead,
Gone to her death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

As I have already intimated, the fulness of my wife's time was coming on, but the dreadful work of the pestilence saddened the hope which my Rebecca and I cherished. Our neighbours were falling around us; the reaper was busy, and his arms were filled with the sheaf, and few were to bind or to record the number. I was so engaged in my attendance on those of our acquaintance who were ill, going, as I have said, from house to house, both by day and by night, that I have often wondered since by what secret miracle my poor strength was enabled to undergo the fatigue and the grief, which day after

day brought to me, in the removal from the earth of some kind or some early friend.

Rebecca's mother sometimes chided me for the risks I ran, but Rebecca, like myself, having committed our lives into HIS hands who gave them, were without dread; but as the old lady's acquaintance were one by one carried away, her fears increased, until her alarm grew to such a pitch, that, poor as we were, we advised her to go into the country; and it was a sad sight to see that mother and that daughter rive themselves asunder. Rebecca was calm, for her anchor was on high; but her mother lacked in religious confidence, and her heart being torn between a wish to remain with her daughter in her interesting situation, and a dread of the angel of destruction, she wept bitterly, and complained of her frail fortitude.

But her departure proved less of a misfortune than we at first thought it would be; for I providentially fell in with an elderly, sensible woman, whom I engaged to live with us and to take care of my wife. She slept with Rebecca, and I established my bed in the garret above. Often, after we had parted for the night, have I sat listening on my bed-stock till I ascertained they were asleep; when I have taken off my

shoes and gone out softly and visited my patients. The time was awful and melancholy: some of my patients, it is true, recovered, and among them my brother; but the sign of the passover had been streaked on few doors, and many were taken away. Such was the time and such the circumstances in which our first-born was delivered into the world.

But the courteous reader, after the things I have told, may well spare the recital of my own sorrows. In the birth of that child my happiness was complete; the cup of earthly felicity was full to the brim. I drank it off; I drained it with a greedy joy. I forgot that the angel of death was in the street, and in rejoicing in the greatest blessing bestowed upon me, I forgot Him to whom thankfulness was due. I esteemed the gift that had been given as the greatest I had ever received, saving the love of Rebecca, and yet I returned that day no thanks. But He soon reminded me of the ingratitude; yet in his displeasure there was great goodness, and in his justice much mercy.

In the natural course of time Rebecca recovered; the pestilence was assuaged; men returned to their wonted vocations; families re-assembled, and Silence, startled from her sor-

row in the market-place, returned to the church-yard, and resumed her ancient seat on the tomb-stone.

The winter which followed that dreadful season was bright and clear; the air was nimble and bracing, and the spirit of man glowed as if a new effusion of the element of health had issued from the gates of Heaven, when the angel returned to account to Providence for the awful hest he had performed. But pure, delicious, and invigorating as it came, freshening to all the pulses of nature, it entered not my dwelling. Before the blossoms of the spring had bloomed, a fatal rose was supplanting the lovely lily of Rebecca's cheek; I watched its growth, oh, with what tenderness! and I thought, when I beheld her gentle eyes kindling with the flame that consumed her, it was as if her blameless soul was already incorporated with the glory and the holiness of Heaven.

From the first symptoms, the physician, with a judicious humanity, told me there was no hope; and as the spring advanced, she, the fairest of all flowers, gave no sign that its genial gales were for her.

On her death-bed she was often visited by the elders and other pious members of our church,

and often she told me how full of gratitude she was to Heaven for having made her acquainted with me, who was the means of introducing her into such society, by whom the couch of disease was sweetened with a holiness passing all that was precious in the myrrh and frankincense of this world.

On the morning of her death, the sun rose with unusual splendour; I had watched all night by her bed-side, and as his beams entered the room, they fell upon her mild countenance, as if mercy had tempered their light. I looked upon her for a short time, as she lay pale as the momumental alabaster; but who can express what the faithful and loving heart feels at such a time; I then rose to drop the curtain, fearing the light would molest her beautiful eyes, but she softly forbade me; "I am already," said she, "entering the brighter precincts of a brighter sun;" and turning her face to the wall, her gentle spirit departed in peace.

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

He placed his chin upon his staff,
And thus began.

If a man marry once for love, he is a fool to expect he may do so twice—it cannot be: therefore, I say, in the choice of a second wife, one scruple of prudence is worth a pound of passion. I do not assert that he should have an eye to dowry; for unless it is a great sum, such as will keep all the family in gentility, I think a small fortune one of the greatest faults a young woman can have; not that I object to the money on its own account, but only to its effects in the airs and vanities it begets in the

silly maiden, especially if her husband profit by it.

For this reason I did not choose my second wife from the instincts of fondness, nor for her parentage, nor for her fortune; neither was I deluded by fair looks. I had, as I have said, my first-born needing tendance; and my means were small, while my cares were great. I accordingly looked about for a sagacious woman—one that not only knew the use of needles and shears, but that the skirt of an old green coat might, for lack of other stuff, be a clout to the knees of blue trowsers—and such a one I found in the niece of my friend and neighbour, Mr. Zerobabel L. Hoskins, a most respectable farmer, from Vermont, who had come to New York about a cod-fish adventure that he had sent to the Mediterranean, and was waiting with his wife and niece the returns from Sicily.

This old Mr. Hoskins was, in his way, something of a Yankee oddity. He was tall, thin, and of an anatomical figure, with a long chin, ears like trenches, lengthy jaws, and a nose like a schooner's cut-water. His hair was lank and oily; the tie of his cravat was always dislocated, and he wore an old white beaver hat, turned up behind. His long bottle-green surtout, among

other defects, lacked a button on the left promontory of his hinder parts, and in the house he always tramped in slippers.

Having from my youth upward been much addicted to the society of remarkable persons, soon after the translation of my Rebecca, I happened to fall in with this gentleman, and without thinking of any serious purpose, I sometimes, of a sabbath-evening, called at the house where he boarded with his family, and there I soon discovered, in the household talents of Miss Judith his niece, just the sort of woman that was wanted to heed the bringing up of my little boy. This discovery, however, to tell the truth quietly, was first made by her uncle.

"I guess, Squire Lawrie," said he, one evening, "the Squire has considerable muddy time on 't since his old woman went to pot."

"Ah, Rebecca! she was but twenty-one"—

"Now, Squire, you see," continued Mr. Zerobabel L. Hoskins, "that 'ere being the circumstance, you should be a-making your calculations for another spec;" and he took his cigar out of his mouth, and trimming it on the edge of the snuffer-tray, added, "Well, if so be as you 're a-going to do so, don't you go to be

a-standing like a pump, with your arm up, as if you would give the sun a black eye."

"An eclipse," thought I.

I told him it was a thing I could not yet think of; that my wound was too fresh, my loss too recent.

"If that ben't particular," replied he, "Squire Lawrie, I'm a pumpkin, and the pigs may do their damnedst with me. But I ain't a pumpkin, the Squire he knows that."

I assured him, without very deeply dunkling the truth, that I had met with few men in America who better knew how many blue beans it takes to make five.

"I reckon, Squire Lawrie," said he, "is a puffing of a parley voo, but I sells no wooden nutmegs. Now look ye' here, Squire. There be you, spinning your thumbs with a small child that ha'n't got no mother; so I calculate, if you make Jerusalem fine nails, I guess you can't a hippen such a small child for no man's money —which is tarnation bad."

I could not but acknowledge the good sense of his remark.

He drew his chair close in front of me, and taking the cigar out of his mouth, and beating off the ashes on his left thumb nail, replaced it.

Having then given a puff, he raised his right-hand aloft, and laying it emphatically down on his knee, said in his wonted, slow, and phlegmatic tone,

"Well, I guess that 'ere young woman, my niece—she ben't five-and-twenty—she'll make a heavenly splice!—I have known that 'ere young woman 'liver the milk of our thirteen cows afore eight a-morning, and then fetch Crumple and her calf from the Bush—Dang that 'ere Crumple! we never had no such heifer afore—she and her calf cleared out every night, and wouldn't come home on no account, no never, till Judy fetch'd her right away, when done milking t' other thirteen."

"No doubt, Mr. Hoskins," said I, "Miss Judith will make a capital farmer's wife in the country, but I have no cows to milk—all my live stock is a sucking bairn"—

"By the Gods of Jacob's father-in-law! she's just the cut for that.—But the Squire knows I ain't a-going to trade her. If she suits Squire Lawrie—good, says I—I shan't ask no nothing for her; but I can tell the Squire as how Benjamin S. Thuds—what is blacksmith in our village—offered me two hundred and fifty dollars—gospel, by the living jingo!—in

my hand right away; but you see, as how, he was an almighty boozer, though for blacksmithing a prime hammer,—I said no, no, and there she is still to be had—and I reckon Squire Lawrie may go the whole hog with her, and make a good operation."

Discovering by this plain speaking of Mr. Hoskins how the cat jumped—to use one of his own terms—we entered more into the marrow of the business, till it came to pass, that I made a proposal for Miss Judith, and soon after a paction was settled between me and her, that when the Fair American arrived from Palermo, we should be married; for she had a share in the codfish venture by that bark, and we counted that the profit might prove a nest-egg; and it did so, to the blithsome tune of four hundred and thirty-three dollars, which the old gentleman counted out to me in the hard on the wedding-day.

CHAPTER II.

He that begins with needles and pins,
May end with horned knout.

A SHORT time before my second marriage, which took place within the twelve months after the death of my sanctified Rebecca, the introduction of the cut nails began to cut me off from earning a living by my hammer, and the business of my hardware store being of itself insufficient for the maintenance of a family, I bethought me of invading the borders of the grocery line. I ought not, however, to say that I did so of my own conceit and reflection, for I was led into it by one of those wonderful providential suggestions, of which I have had such a large experience.

One day, as I was standing in the store, wiping and blowing the dust and stoor from the knives

and shaving-boxes that made the brick-bats and wooden blocks shine on my shelves, a sailor from the West Indies came to the door with a bag of coffee-beans on his back. There might be the better part of two whole hundred weight, but though he offered them at a cheap rate, I had not money enough to make a bargain with him. After some confabulation, however, into which I threw a spice of my natural jocosity, we began to come to an understanding; and from less to more, I proposed that we might trade, if not for the whole, at least for a portion. This, as he was going back to New Providence, where he had bought the coffee from a wrecker, was not out of his way, especially when I showed him how he might sell the razors, and knives and forks at a great profit in Nassau, the chief port and place of business in the Bahama Islands, whereof New Providence is the principal.

Accordingly he in the end consented to leave the bag of coffee with me, and to come back in the afternoon, when the part of the price that was to be paid in money would be ready for him, and the cargo of hardware with the invoice made up.

This was not arranged without forethought,

it being necessary that I should have the store to myself while unpacking the articles from the parcels to which they were fastened; moreover, the money promised was six dollars more than I had then at command, and I was in consequence obliged to borrow, which was a thing requiring time and dexterity.

Having taken from the shelves divers of the apparent packages of my hardwares, I made up those things that were on the outsides in a small box, and I placed the brick-bats and blocks of wood from which they had been taken under the counter, to serve for another occasion, leaving their places vacant on the shelves. I then went home and took what money I had out of the big chest; afterwards I proceeded to Mr. Parcels, a member of our congregation, who kept a store for notions at the corner of Maiden-lane and Pearl-street, to see if he would oblige me with the loan of six dollars, to enable me to make up the sum required.

Though the amount required was not heavy, yet I own it was not without a sort of trepidation I went to borrow. I had, it is true, obtained wares on credit to the extent of more than fifty dollars all at one time; but I was sensible of a wide difference between asking credit in

the way of business, and begging the help of actual money. But in this negotiation I was surprisingly assisted.

Mr. Parcels had that very day made a capital spec of brushes and baskets, and when I called he was in great felicity with himself, and all mankind. He told me of his good luck, and showed me the articles, which I, of course, commended and complimented to his satisfaction. I then told him, that I, too, had not been without a benefaction from Fortune, for that I had made a speculation in coffee-beans, by which I would, even by wholesale, turn the heels over the head of what it cost me.

"But," continued I, "the want of money, Mr. Parcels, is the root of all evil in trade. Did I possess a command of capital like you, there is no saying what I might not do; for I may tell you in confidence, that although, in a sense, my small dabblings in the hardware-line are not barren of return, yet I have for some time discerned that few retail trades pay so well as those which deal in articles of a brisk consumption. He was of the same opinion, and we continued discoursing sagaciously and leisurely in this way, like two political economists; at last I heard the clock strike an hour, at which,

taking the dollar notes out of my pocket, I said, in an off-hand manner "I'll be obliged to you, Mr. Parcels, for the loan of ten or twelve dollars till the morn, as I have to settle for my coffee spec, and may be short."

"With great pleasure," replied he. "But do not be hampered, I have some twenty or thirty in the drawer much at your service;" so pulling out the drawer, he lifted the bundle and handed it over to me. Thus came I, in a most extraordinary manner, to be not only in a condition to pay the sailor, but to have an overplus.—And here I should say, let no man regard this as an incident of blind chance; for when I returned to my store, the sailor was standing at the door with another lad, who had a cigar-box full of indigo to sell, and who was willing to trade for it, half cash, and half in pewter tea-spoons. As the value he set on his indigo was reasonable, we soon came to a conclusion: for although I had not just so many spoons as he wanted, I yet got him persuaded to take two pair of scissors, and paid him the remainder in money.

Having thus acquired a valuable stock of coffee and indigo, I then began to devise with myself, how it might best be realised. I was

naturally inclined to sell in the small way—for the profits of the retail trade are pretty considerable on such merchandise; but that required time, and to keep my credit with friend Parcels, it was necessary I should have a quick return.

The upshot of these reflections accordingly led me to shut the store a little earlier than usual, and to take a turn in Broadway before going home. In the course of that walk, I was directed into a large grocery, kept by Mr. William Raisins; to whom, on going in, I said that I had that morning, in the way of trade, taken some coffee and indigo, which being articles not in my way, I would be glad to sell. He was a cute man, and brisk at a bargain, so the nail was soon driven. I brought him the articles; they were weighed before me, and he paid the money down; by which I was enabled, next day, to repay Mr. Parcels, and to sack a reasonable profit.

The event was great in another way, for it emboldened me to make the proposal for Miss Judith Hoskins, by the help of whose fortune I enlarged the borders of my dealings, gradually entering more and more into the West India trade with the sailors, until I fairly found myself a grocer in a very prospérous way of well doing.

And here it is fit I should make, as the ministers sometimes say, an improvement on what has been said. The courteous reader must have discerned how little in all that stroke of good fortune was owing to any wisdom of mine. In the bargain for the coffee, I had evidently mounted the wall-top: I had placed myself in a predicament of danger, and had there not been a providential gathering of leaves in the luck which Mr. Parcels had that day met with, who can tell if I might not have come a cripple from the adventure.

CHAPTER III,

Thrift, thrift, Horatio!

BUT the sunshine is not always, neither is it good for man that prosperity should endure for ever. Hitherto it had been well with me; for, save in the loss of Rebecca—and somehow I never could account her removal a loss, but only as a change by which she was a greater gain—I had not tasted of the bitterness of life: not that my cup was uniformly sweet and overflowing, but all things had a growth and progress with me. Carefulness sat on the doorstep of my threshold, and frugality blithened my dwelling.

No man ever thrives without nettling the malice or the envy of some of his neighbours: and accordingly persons were not wanting, who regarded the custom of my grocery-store with eyes askew. Among these were two cabinet-

makers, on the opposite side of the street, carrying on a respectable business, and having in their employ ten or twelve journeymen and 'prentices. They reckoned the number of my customers, they counted the casks of sugar I took in, and the chests of tea that were brought to me, and having laid their heads together, they concluded it was a fine thing to be a grocer.

Accordingly, with the temptation of a great rent, they hired the house at the corner of Broadway, three doors above mine, over the head of a decent old Dutchman, who was well-known as the sexton of the Dutch church; gave up their own business, and fitting up the house in an elegant style, commenced the grocery business.

Their store having the advantage of being at the corner, and opening upon Broadway, attracted away many of my customers: besides, they were men of substance, and they could afford to lay in a better assortment of goods than it was in my power to do; so they carried all before them. This, assuredly, was a great misfortune, and troubled me severely; for although it did not come in all its weight at once, the consequences were yet plain to be seen, and day after day my scales had less and less occupation.

It was some time, however, before I became seriously alarmed; for I flattered myself that the unsteadiness in the character of my rivals would soon prompt them to try some other concern; but the business proved better even than they had expected, and begot a perseverance in them which I could not but applaud, though it prospered at my cost.

My goods thus began to hang heavily on my hand; the boxes of raisins and the frails of figs in the window became dry and fushionless. There was a great in-drink in my teas, occasioned by the boxes being long open, and the outgoings in my house were more than the incomings of the store. Still, I was not cast down, for although I beheld poverty creeping towards me, like the barren sands of the desert, which travellers say are gradually overspreading the corn-fields of the Egyptians, I had an encouraging hope which defied adversity—nor was it long until proof was granted, that in trusting to Providence, my leaning was not on a broken reed.

The ladies of New York were, about this time, beginning, among other elegancies of taste, to cultivate flowers in their parlours, and the grocery stores commonly supplied them with pots. It happened that I was one day asked

by a very fine and gentle maiden of the higher order, if I could not procure for her two or three pots of a handsomer figure, and more ornamental than those in use. This, after she had left the store, set me a thinking, when all at once it came into my head to paint some of my flower-pots with green varnish, persuaded that this would please the ladies better than the common brick-bat colour.

Accordingly, I painted two pair, and exposed them in the window, when they soon drew attention, and were sold. I then painted six pair, and they presently went the same way. Being thus encouraged, I continued painting and selling to good advantage, and thereby gained something to help the decay of my grocery profits.

One day, in the course of the following spring, I observed a man, for the first time, selling flower-plants in the Fly-market. As I carelessly passed by I plucked a leaf, and rubbing it between my finger and thumb, inquired the name of it. He answered, a geranium. This, to the best of my recollection, was the first time I had ever heard that there was a geranium in the world. Before that morning, I had no taste for flowers, though I certainly could tell a red-cabbage from a moss-rose.

I examined the plant, thought it had a pleasant smell, and that it would look well if removed into one of my green flower-pots. I then bought it of the man—but observe—not with the intention of selling it again, but only to adorn my counter, and to let people see how handsomely the pots looked when a plant was in them.—Next day a customer fancied and purchased the plant and pot, at so enticing a price, that I went, when the market was nearly over, judging the man would sell cheaper, rather than have the trouble of carrying his plants across the river,—for he lived at Brocklyn, and in those days there was neither steam nor horse-boats,—and I purchased two other geraniums, which I also placed in two green pots, and soon after sold to good advantage.

This led me to think that something might be done for my family in this way; and thus it came to pass that I continued to go at the close of the market, and bargain for the unsold plants; and the man, finding me a beneficial customer, would assist me to carry them home, and he showed me how to shift the plants, and to put them into my green pots, if customers wished it.

I soon discovered that the gardener, George

Briars. was a Scotchman, and being a countryman, we worked into one another's hands. Thus, in the course of a short time, from having one plant on my counter, I had fifty, all beautifully blooming, and shedding a delightful fragrance that sweetened the air of the street far beyond the door. Nothing of the kind had ever before been seen in New York; and people, in taking their country friends to see the curiosities of the city, would step in as they passed; marvelling at the sight of my balsams and geraniums.

In these visits, the strangers would sometimes express a wish to have a plant, but having far to go, could not carry them. Then they would ask if I had no flower-seeds; others again would inquire for cabbage, turnip, or radish seed, &c. until, from less to more, these frequent inquiries set me a thinking, that if I could get seeds, I should be able to sell them. But no one sold seed in New York; none of the farmers or gardeners saved more than they wanted for their own use. George Briars, however, told me, that he was then raising seeds, with the intention of selling them with his plants in the Fly-market next spring. Out of this grew a partnership between us, by which it was

covenanted, that I should buy his seeds, and that he should stay at home and raise plants and seeds for me. I accordingly purchased his stock for fifteen dollars.

I then advertised garden-seeds for sale in the newspapers, and my stock was soon sold off at a consolatory profit, which made me regret that I could not replace it. But the darkest hour is the nearest to the dawn. At this juncture a neighbour came into the store with a stranger, whom he introduced to me as just arrived from London, with a small venture of seeds, which he was willing to dispose of at a moderate advance on the invoice. A bargain was soon struck, for his venture consisted of the very sorts for which I was daily applied to, and knew not where to obtain.

Next day, on opening one of the casks, I found a catalogue of seeds for sale, by William Spades and Co. of London. This was a prize indeed; and it had marginal notes, stating the best time of sowing; valuable information, of which I was, till then, totally ignorant.

After this I published a catalogue of my own, and with the assistance of George Briars, adapted the time to suit the seasons of our climate; so that now, when my customers inquired when

such and such seeds should be sown, I was able to give them the fullest information.

In the fall of the following year, I remitted a sum of money to Messrs. Spades and Co. with an order, which they honestly executed: and the seeds arriving in good season, enabled me, with those which George Briars raised at Brocklyn, to take the field with great courage. My business increased apace, in so much that the grocery became secondary to it, so I began to let it gradually run out.

But although I had much reason for thankfulness, both for the manner in which I had been guided into the seed business, and for the issue thereof, it was like all other human concerns, liable to vexations. The gardeners seeing my advertisements, and hearing how I was topping in the trade, raised seeds to sell to me; and I having as yet but little skill in the quality, was often deceived by the knaves; the which molested me the more, as it made my customers dissatisfied. However, experience was daily instructing me, and my footing growing more steadfast I had a goodly prospect of a prosperous fortune. Alas! short-sighted mortals, we know not what a day may bring forth.

CHAPTER IV.

Ring the alarm-bell.

It is only remarkable men who are privileged to write their own histories; no doubt there are conceited persons who take upon them to do the same thing, but the world has little respect for such vanity. For my part, it would have been far from my heart to have thought of inditing this book, had I not discerned in the accidents of my life something that will be accounted extraordinary, to say nothing of the manner in which I have been guided; itself a demonstration that Providence had a purpose for me—whether in the way of example, or as an agent, is not for me to determine. This much, however, I may affirm, that from the first hour I had a right notion of the condition of man, I felt myself to be a something that

was deemed deserving of special care and preservation, and what I have now to relate bears witness to the fact.

Close behind my house and store stood a large soap and candle manufactory, at which I never looked without receiving an intimation that it was ordained to be consumed by fire. This remarkable presentiment became at last so assured to me of fulfilment, that I spoke of it as I would do of any intent or business which must be performed. For months before the catastrophe came to pass, when the fire company, on the first Monday of every month, came to wash and clean their engine, at the pump near the corner of Liberty and Nassau-street, I often jocosely told them how I wished they would act when the candle-box, as I called the soapery, should take fire; and so persuaded was I of the sentence that had been passed upon it, that I insured my property. I had at the time a large stock on hand of early cabbage-seed lying open in the store: it had been imported; but the long embargo being then laid on, rendered it doubtful when, if any accident happened, I should be able to get another supply.

One day, while sitting at dinner with my

wife, reflecting on this circumstance, I told her that in the afternoon I intended to pack up my most valuable seeds in flour barrels, in order that they might be quickly and safely removed at the breaking out of the fire next door.

This packing detained me later than usual, and when I returned up-stairs, finding my wife much fatigued with nursing one of the children who was sick, I advised her to lie down, saying, I would look to the child until she got asleep. This was between nine and ten o'clock; she lay down accordingly, and I watched the cradle.

The noise in the streets began gradually to subside, till only single sounds at intervals were heard. The poor baby breathed heavily, and the ticking of the clock grew more and more audible, but I heard nothing else.

Exactly as the clock struck twelve, my wife awakened, resumed her vigil, and I took her place in the bed. Being very tired, I soon fell asleep, but could not have slept many minutes, for next day, when I found the clock in the neighbouring church, into which it had been hastily carried, the hands stood exactly at a quarter past twelve.

Being roused by a startling scream from my

wife, I sprang on the floor before my eyes were well open. "What is the matter?" cried I.

"We are all on fire!" was her wild answer.

I rushed to the back-window which looked to the candle-works, and beheld them at last burning.

Having for many months previous resolved in my own mind how I should act when the event should take place, I was prepared and composed. My wife being dressed, I bade her carry the sick child to a place of safety, saying, that I would wake up and take care of the other children and servants. In the mean time I calmly but quickly dressed myself, and with considerate presence of mind I put on a pair of old double-soled boots, lest in the confusion I should tread on a rusty nail in some of the boards that might be pulled down: I then wetted my night-cap and put it on to preserve my hair from being singed, and having sent off the children and servants, I went down into my store, and secured my valuable papers and money, pinning them in my jacket pocket.

As the engines came up, I directed them to the places where their service could be most effectual, reminding the firemen of what I had foretold. I then ran from place to place,

snatching what property I could from the destruction; and here I have to record a most wonderful preservation.

The house in which the fire originated stood on the south side of my premises, and my back store, a wooden building, was often covered with the flames; but the wind, which was then blowing strong from the south, carried with it such showers of ashes, that they protected the building as much it was thought as the water of the engines. The damage it sustained was indeed so trifling, that ten dollars put it in as good repair as it was before the fire began, but the heat within had been dreadful.

The forenoon previous I had been painting flower-pots with green varnish. The shelf, on which the painted pots stood, was on the side nearest the manufactory, and beside them were several other pots and a pitcher, containing rosin, varnish, and spirits of turpentine. The fire burned through the boards directly opposite to where these inflammable articles were standing. The end of the shelf was actually so scorched that it dropped from its niche, and falling about a foot, rested on the floor. When the fire was mastered, the pots and pitcher were found glued fast to the shelf, the heat having

caused the paint to melt, which running down the sides, fixed them in that manner. Had these combustibles taken fire, the whole of my premises must have perished.

Among many who came in the morning to see the ruins, was my friend Mr. Hoskins, who was then in the city, superintending another spec of cod-fish and flour, which he was shipping off to Lisbon, where the British were then fighting, and were thought to be in great want of provisions. When he beheld the combustible pots and pitcher, he could not believe they had stood where they were, amidst the ashes and embers, during the conflagration. I told him, however, to lift them, and he tried to do so.

"Well," said he, "I guess this is pretty particular. By the furnace of Babylon, it beats Shedry and Abendy to immortal smash."

CHAPTER V.

I 'll have my revenges.

BUT though this fire was a most calamitous event to my neighbours, there was in it a mercy towards me as great even as the marvellous preservation of my property.

Mr. Hoskins, as I have mentioned, was in New York, seeing a cargo made up for Lisbon; and once or twice, before the fire broke out, he had proposed to me to send a venture by the same ship, or to go on shares with him. To acknowledge the truth, I was coming round to be so inclined, saying to myself, "faint heart never won fair lady."

The chief cause of my hesitation was owing to a doubt I had of the propriety of stepping out of the line of my own business—for it was one of the solid advices of my father, never to leave a trade so long as it would bide with me.

The confusion caused by the fire settled the question; for although I could not complain of any loss, the insurance company having at once made good my damage, I was yet for several days in a state of great confusion, and could think of nothing but of my missing articles, and how I should get my store again in order. Sooth to say, I was disturbed and fykie, and could lay my mind to no sort of consideration.

"I guess," said Mr. Hoskins, one evening, when he came to drink tea with us; "I guess the Squire ha'n't a-got 'livered of 'at 'ere fire fright."

In the way of jocularity I did not object to being called squire by him, for it was his way; but the fire was connected in my mind with so many awful things, that I could not endure to hear it lightly spoken of, so I replied:—

"You know, Mr. Hoskins, that I have no right to be called squire, and, therefore, it would oblige me if ye would not use to me such a decoration."

"Well, if that ben't Solomon, I a'nt nobody; for to speak the truth right-away to Mr. Todd, I have myself obstinacious objections—a considerable some—against 'em 'ere parley voos;

for though I be a major of militia, and a judge in our county, State of Vermont, I ain't special 'bout pedigrees; but my wife, she's as the gentleman knows an almighty ambitious woman, and will have her kitchen as clean as her parlour—she won't have nobody call me but squire; for myself, Zerobabel L. Hoskins, I ain't so audacious, and yet, when I judgefies at sessions, there isn't such a Belzeebub to knaves in all the Union. They sha'n't speak to me then but as I lets 'em. But giving such gabbing the go by, Squire, Marlin spikes and cucumbers! I have a compulsion to call you squire, are you screwed up not to make a shipment?"

"As dourly as a door-nail, Mr. Hoskins," was my answer; and then I expatiated on my reasons for declining the advantages which he promised himself from the spec; adding, among other things, that maybe, before the ship could reach Lisbon, Wellington might be obliged to take his knapsack on his back and go home.

"And if so be, I calculate, that ain't nothing to make nobody afeared, for we have got double papers for the ship."

Poor man! but he was strong in worldly wisdom; little thinking that where he thought himself so well-fenced would be found his weakest.

part. The ship soon after sailed, and was not well clear of Sandy Hook, when a British frigate laid hold of her by the cuff of the neck, and hauled her, by the lug and the horn, away to Bermuda, where she was detained, on account of the two sets of papers, so long, that the codfish began to spoil and quicken to such a degree, that they spoilt the flour, and the whole cargo became a dead loss. Was it not a capital escape my having nothing to do with it! though in the end, I, with others, came in for a share of the consequences, by the embargo and the war with England that soon after followed. For you see, when Mr. Hoskins heard of what had happened to the ship, he fell into a terrible passion, and went about kindling the people to revenge his cause, until there was not a patriotic heart in the Union, but thought the island of Great Britain ought to be tarred and feathered.

One night, as Mr. Hoskins was enlarging on this text, and saying it would be a Devil blessed thing if the King were skinned alive and crammed up to the neck in a cask with a salt and vitriol pickle, I tried to council him to moderation, but the more I reasoned he grew the madder; and when I but hinted in a far off way, that his misfortune might be altogether owing to

the dissimulation of the ship's papers, he was touched to the quick, asserting that the ship of every free country had a right to carry what goods or papers her owners chose to send by her. This sort of unsound doctrine, as I at the time maintained it was, infected the heads of every body that heard of Mr. Hoskins and his unlucky and unsavoury venture, till at last the Government saw no other way of pacifying the people but by declaring war against England.

As a Christian, I deplored this violent step; and as a Scotchman, I was distressed to think of the detriment that might be done to my native land, though I never went the length of those who thought the United States would scuttle the island.

"To a moral certainty," said Mr. Hoskins, "we'll do it, and inflict considerable damage;" for he really was beside himself, and talked even down nonsense about the freedom of the seas, until there was no arguing with him. So to bring the matter to a conclusion, I may here at once say, that his vehemence caused a rent in our friendship, the which I had long reason to regret; for though, in his way, a particular character, he had yet in concerns of business a sharp eye to the main chance. No man

could give better advice in a difficulty; nor, if money would do, was any readier to help his neighbour. I pay him this compliment with great sincerity, for I am well sure, that had we been on our wonted familiar footing when the embargo and non-intercourse acts prevented me from importing seeds, that, with the assistance of Providence, he would have saved me from the ruinous effects of what then came to pass.

CHAPTER VI.

We 'll take a cup of kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

WHEN I had got the damage repaired, and my goods and furniture placed in order again in the house and store, I continued to attend with my wonted carefulness to the business; but it is just and right, in this unvarnished narrative, to confess that I sometimes, as the moon of fortune was waxing, felt myself growing inclined to try my hand, like my neighbours, at a spec. However, I wrestled against the hazardous inclination with surprising fortitude, considering how I was tempted, until an event came to pass, which by its issues, as will appear in the sequel, was plainly ordained to be a trial. The matter arose thus.

At the time I was in the Bonnytown school, a boy was there by name Alek Preston, a spi-

rited, clever, venturesome creature, as gleg as a trout, and souple as an eel: nothing would do for him but going to sea, which he did in a vessel from Leith, about the time my father took me into the smiddy to be a nailer: we had been great companions and sworn brethren in many a funny prank and harmless frolic. Indeed, he had such a natural instinct for mirth, that it was impossible to be half an hour in his company without being diverted, or to become acquainted with him without liking him for life, and yet he was the most thoughtless thing that man could put trust in. That part of his character I had, however, forgotten; I recollected only his lightheartedness and ever gambolling gaiety.

One day, as I was walking on some purpose anent seeds along Greenwich-street, I fell in with a sick sailor sitting on a door-step, in a very disconsolate condition.

He was barefooted; his trowsers, which had been of superfine navy blue, though full of unsewed rents and holes, had never been mended; his jacket, too, was of the best stuff, with many small brass buttons, men-of-war's fashion, but in no better plight, and he wore a slouched canvass hat that was either pitched or black

painted. Yet, though all these symptoms of a spendthrift were so visible about him, something in his appearance won my attention, and I stopped to inquire what ailed him, with the intent of giving a trifle. Judge of my astonishment when, on his looking up with the tail of his eye, I discovered in him my old marrow in nests and mischief, Alek Preston.

He did not so quickly recognize me, for he was sickly, and his eyes were languid and inattentive; but when I had spoken to him a few sentences, his countenance brightened, and he took me freely by the hand. Alas! I was constrained to snatch mine from the touch, dreading contagion, for he was fearfully hot.

I said to him, "Man Alek, you are very ill, and it's no right for one in such a condition to be sitting in the street."

"Sit! I can't stand," replied he, as if he would have made a joke, but his head drooped suddenly on his bosom.

I thought him dying, and called aloud to a porter who was passing by to help me: with his assistance and that of another man, having moved poor Alek into a neighbouring boarding-house, I went for a doctor that lived hard by, who presently took blood from him, and we put

him to bed very ill. I then went home and told my wife, and we agreed, both for humanity and auld lang syne, that Alek Preston should want for nothing in our power to procure or to spare.

After suffering several days of great distress and a suspension of understanding, during which he raved in such a comical way, that although it was feared he was dying, no one could hear him with a composed countenance; he at last fell into a deep sleep, out of which he awoke free from the fever, and with his reason, which had been laid on its beam-ends, fairly again righted. He continued, however, for some time after very weakly, and but for our care and comforts, it might still have gone hard with him.

When he had in a measure recovered from his distemper, he came often to our house in the evening, and we had great pleasure in discoursing of former days. This led on to a rehearsal of his adventures, and my heart, for auld acquaintance, having a warm side towards him, and my circumstances being then green and prosperous, I began to think of some way to serve him. I could not, however, of my own mind, devise a right method, but I told him, if

he could point out a way wherein I could be useful, he might count upon my friendship.

A short time after this conversation—I am disposed on recollection to think it was the very morrow following—Alek came to me, and said that he had fallen in with several old shipmates willing to embark with him a privateering, if they could get a man of capital to hire with them a fast-sailing, pilot-boat schooner.

As privateering was in my opinion not a very reputable trade, to say nothing of British tars becoming enemies to their native land, I remonstrated strongly against the project, and point-blank, in a sense, refused to have any thing to do with it. However, without being well able to tell how it came to pass, Alek Preston, by little and little, so overcame my scruples, that at last I consented to take a very small share just to oblige him.

But when the outfit was completed, a difficulty arose which had not been thought of. We could not get letters of reprisal, unless the captain and a certain number of the crew were American citizens. This had wellnigh knocked the whole scheme on the head. Alek Preston, however, swore a boatswain's oath that he would not be stopped by such laws: accordingly, he

went away, and I saw nothing of him for several days; at the end of which he came to inform me that all was cleared, and that he intended to set sail on his cruise that very evening.

For some time I tried without success to discover how he had overcome the difficulty which I thought insurmountable, but he made me no wiser. However, as it behoved us to take a glass of punch on the occasion, it came out in the drinking that he had got himself certified to be an American citizen, by an old woman swearing that she had known him from the cradle, in which she had herself rocked him.

This was true; for, man as he was, he had mounted into a child's cradle, and the old woman certainly did rock him. This, to my shame I must acknowledge, was a device which, without approving, caused me to laugh so heartily, that I could not very indignantly condemn it. But as he was proceeding to rehearse the story with great glee, I had a pang of conscience, and I started from my seat in a vehement passion, declaring I would have nothing to do with such forgeries. Alek Preston rose at the same time, and before I had given vent to the half of my indignation, he left the house,

went straight to the schooner, and was off and away on his cruise before daylight.

I hope the courteous reader discerns in the part I had in this privateering affair, that I was altogether actuated by my regard. for an old school comrade; and I hope, too, he has a better opinion of me than to think I would ever have been consenting to such deceit and profanity. The like things, it was said, were common in those days among what were called the picked-up-along-shore English sailors, but I never heard of a decent American that did not condemn the practice; and what honest man, be he Turk or Pagan, could approve it?

I need not say, after this preface, that the venture came to no profit. Alek Preston being captain, instead of cruising where he was likely to meet prizes, went down to the southward, and ran races with his schooner against other craft, by which in less than two months he perished the pack, and left the vessel at Charlestown by moonlight. I never heard of him more, but I had long reason to rue the trust I had placed in him.

CHAPTER VII.

I showed him all the secrets of the isle.

The venture with Alek Preston was the first in which I too lightly considered the hallowed maxims of my father, and by it I received the first admonishment that the issues of fortune are ruled by another kind of wisdom than the cunning of man. I had, in a theoretical manner, a just conception of this truth, but it was a theory unsanctioned by experience—a plausible supposition which made no part of the sentiment nor of the reasoning which influenced my conduct. In short, though the thoughtlessness of that poor young man caused a great loss to me, I yet saw not in what had been done the extent of my own folly, but pacified my conscience, then too easily appeased, with the strong argument of pity for a gallant young man, and the obliga-

tions which early friendship fastens upon young hearts. Thus it came to pass that my inclination for specs was not restrained by that untoward concern.

Indeed, about this time, I could not help being brought into other troubles, owing to the same kind-heartedness. I was becoming, by the success of my business, better and better known in the city; and many emigrants, after they had been landed a time, came claiming acquaintance with me, some on a far off remembrance of myself when I was a boy, others because they had heard of my father, and a third crew of cravers, for reasons never properly explained, though no doubt well known to themselves. Thus I had a host of ingenious young men every day at the door of the store, telling how fortunes could be made, though their ragged elbows and threadbare vestments were but poor seconders of such opulent suggestions.

However, as in the case of Alek Preston, I was beguiled sometimes to give more heeding to these Eldorados than I ought to have done, and in consequence, although I never risked in any one adventure so much as the loss of the whole of it would overwhelm me, yet I found myself growing poorer and more hampered in my own

available assets. In short, I was going down the hill, while every body thought I was triumphing victoriously.

But I was not so far left to myself as to persevere in that course; after losing, I shall not say how many hundred dollars, it may have been thousands, I resolved to make a halt, and with great earnestness and tears of contrition, I implored help and fortitude to moderate my ambition.

That happened on a Sabbath night, and on the Monday morning, I went down into the store with my purpose well knit.

I had scarcely taken my place behind the counter, when a young man from Aberdeen came in with a great bravery of Glasgow prints and muslins to sell. That they were cheap, I could not deny, and beautiful was evident, but I was preserved above temptation.

"No, my friend," said I, "we cannot deal. It 's true, that I have now and then meddled with an odd or an end, but as it only served to wile me from my own steady business, I have given up the trade." I then exhorted him to stick to one line, and recounted how I had gone to leeward, from the time of the privateering with Alek Preston; for I was never slack of

giving good advice when a fitting opportunity came in the way, always considering it a duty incumbent to benefit the rest of the world with the fruits of my experience.

This conversation begat an acquaintance between me and Mr. Finhorn,—so the gentleman was called; and sometimes after he would look in to take my advice, for he was cautious and methodical, picking his steps, one by one, very unlike the ordinary splash and dash ways of young men in a hurry to be rich. In short, I was greatly pleased with the respect he had for my opinion, and by little and little, I let him into the secret history of my own rise and progress, with many events of which he was greatly diverted, laughing very heartily at them.

The history of the business led me at times to speak of the business itself, and to recount what articles I had found the most profitable; and we both marvelled how, with so little previous knowledge, I was guided to gain so much insight of the nature of seeds, the soils which the several kinds best suited, as well as the seasons for their cultivation.

Sometimes I thought he was a little overly particular in his questions, but as he was in the dryg-ood line, I saw in that nothing to take

amiss, especially as he entirely coincided in opinion with me, that a man who expects to thrive in business, must not go a wandering after strange gods. Judge, however, of my consternation, when, in the course of the following spring, I heard he had imported a great cargo of all the best seeds that I used to import to the most advantage, and had opened a store for the sale of them in Water-street. Surely no man could be guilty of greater treachery. Thus was I, in the fulness of my kind wishes to serve him, unbuttoning my bosom and showing him all the profitable secrets I had learnt in business, while he, with cunning ears and sinister intents, was devising how he might circumvent me. Verily, there are few pangs like the discovery of perfidy in a friend.

In the affair of Alek Preston, though, besides considerable positive loss, I had to endure some self-upbraidings for having trusted one who had been from his youth upwards remarkable for heedlessness, I was yet thankful he had not turned a pirate with the schooner we had hired, and, moreover, I had put no more faith in him than was necessary for his own part of the business as master of the vessel. But with that smooth and deep pool of deceitfulness, Mr. Fin-

horn, I had acted as if he had been worthy of sincerity, and was diffident of himself from natural modesty.

My conduct with respect to both of these young men, I have often since thought, was an omen of a change in my own condition. It was in both cases, though springing from the best of motives, manifestly imprudent. Had it been criticised by the discernment of others, I fear it would have been seen that a like rashness and uncalled for confidence in strangers, was visible at that time more or less in all my undertakings, proving that the outward fortune and the inner man partake of the same influences, waxing and waning together. Not that I recollect any other equal examples of my indiscretion, but I have a general persuasion it was the case. Mr. Finhorn, however, had not long cause to exult in the success of his cunning. The store he had hired in Water-street was two steps below the surface, and most unfit for seeds. In a short time, all he had must have perished, had not an accident signalized the punishment of his perfidy more openly.

One night, while yet the people were talking all over the city how he had got the weather-guage of me, a dreadful thunder-storm came

on, attended with deluges of rain, such as none remembered the like—Water-street was truly a running river, and a branch of the torrent poured into Mr. Finhorn's store, among his barrels and paper parcels, to such a degree, that when he was roused in the morning to examine the damage, he saw himself a ruined man; and for his comfort and consolation, a lad that was a helper in my store, being among the onlookers, told him he had only met with his reward. What became of him afterwards was not known, for the following night he cleared out, and was never more heard of in New York.

CHAPTER VIII.

Can't to-day, not convenient, call again.

It is an ancient and a true saying, that wealth makes wit waver. From the time of the fire, as the sagacious reader must have discerned in what has been related, I grew overly well pleased with myself. It was, therefore, needful I should receive a chastisement, but I never thought I had deserved it till it was inflicted.

Falling into the folly of thinking every thing was ordained to go prosperously with me, I thought, when I had withdrawn myself from accidental speculating, that every thing in my own business must thrive. To sell seeds, and to raise seeds to be sold, I thought two parts of one thing; and accordingly, about the time the non-intercourse acts took place, I began to con-

sider of this seriously, and that I might make myself independent of importations from England. The design, however, was not carried into effect without all seeming due consideration. No one could be more circumspect than I fancied myself to be. I was long before I could find a lot of land convenient to my purpose; and when I did at last warily make a purchase, I read and considered the title-deeds as if I had the eyes of three lawyers, and certainly, as it was said, no deeds could be made better. This land was to be cultivated under my own directions, the directions of one who did not know clay from gravel; of course, it soon came to a bearing; I do not mean the ground, for that never bore any thing to the purpose, but the speculation. The soil, naturally poor, was exhausted; it produced not enough to pay the labour, while it greedily swallowed, as with a hungry appetite, all the profits and savings of my business; yea, even the capital likewise—stock, lock, and barrel, all went.

I yet often marvel how I was so hoodwinked about that farm which I bought in Jersey; every thing concerning it was delusion. My wife, having learnt the craft and mystery of the

farm-yard at her uncle's in Vermont, was, if possible, more lifted out of the body about it than even I was, and gave such flattering accounts of what she would do with cows, pigs, and poultry, that I was almost persuaded the seed business would become but a secondary affair. My eyes, however, were soon opened; it was surprising how quickly I laid out money, —none came back; we saw the spec was to be ruinous; that a blight had fallen upon us; that our hopes had all failed. I was out of my element; the elder children having been brought up in a town, had no right notion of rural matters; we lived in the midst of scolding and confusion; never did an unfortunate man find himself, when too late, farther astray. At last, all my money being drained off, I began to think of giving up the ghost in the way of trade; but it was necessary to make some previous preparation: accordingly, sapless and leafless, heartless and pennyless, I went one day over to New York to borrow two or three hundred dollars to meet a need, and to arrange for parting with my farming stock and the farm.

First I went to one acquaintance, and then to another; but the war and the stagnation of trade had sealed up every heart, and all were

either poor or fearful. Some had nothing to spare, others gave a plain refusal, and a third party recounted their manifold losses. My heart was breaking; when suddenly recollecting that Mr. Hoskins was again in the city on some privateering job,—I wonder what the douce Scotch farmers would think of cargoes of codfish and privateers!—however that may be, the recollection of Mr. Hoskins being then in the city, brought hope with it, and I resolved to call on him right away.

There had been, as I have already related, divers causes and controversies which had led to a non-intercourse between us, but we had not actually quarrelled; and, therefore, as I knew that, with a cold look, he had a warm heart, I made sure of being accommodated; so I proceeded to the house where he usually lodged.

I found the old gentleman in his own bed-chamber, and he received me in his odd cool and collected manner, as if no difference had ever been between us. He inquired first for my wife, and then for my children, one by one, adding, "But I reckon Mr. Lawrie Todd hâ'n't o' late been progressing so top-gallant-sail proud."

I acknowledged it was true; and then told

him how my circumstances were altered, and that I had come to consult him as to what should be done in such extremity.

"Well, I guess," said he, "the gentleman can't be particular: you must cut and run."

"Cut and run, Mr. Hoskins!"

"Yes; clear out!"

"How could you think I would do that? I have been always an honest man!"

"Well, that's noteable: but is Mr. Lawrie Todd agoing to pay a hundred cents to the dollar?"

What could I answer to this? I shook my head, and heaved a sorrowful sigh.

"I was a 'specting this," said he, "and ha' been amaking my calculations 'bout it; for, I guess, the Squire has been erroneous considerable: when I sees a man erroneous in his calculations, by G—d! it makes me sick."

From this, it was plain that me and my affairs were causeway talk, and that it would not add to the repute of my prudence, if I went on struggling with such a powerful enemy as a farm of a barren and ungrateful soil. Before I had time, however, to make any answer, Mr. Hoskins resumed:

"I guess, and if so be you can't clear out

bekase of honesty, you should sell off your notions and the farm; and when you have paid all, or compounded, go into the bush a chopping."

"Then," said I, with a heart greatly daunted, "you will not lend me two or three hundred dollars 'till I get things settled?"

"Not a stiver! that's plump; for Mr. Lawrie Todd would squash it all on that 'ere tarnation farm what's in Jersey State. That 'ere farm, I have heard for gospel, Squire, ha'n't never no capacity no more to raise garden-seeds, than the sole of the Devil's foot to grow water-cresses."

"I'm a ruined man!" was all I could ejaculate.

"Well, I guess you be; and the sooner the gentleman goes on t'other tack the sooner he 'll come to land, or I'm a Pagan, called Me-hal-a-leel-hash-bash, and not Zerobabel L. Hoskins, what was christened so on mother's lap when father kept tavern at Lebanon."

"Then there is no hope of any help from you?" was the only answer I could make to this, as it seemed, unfeeling speech and ill-timed jocosity.

"Squire," said he, "I ben't a thing to bray

in a mortar, so thinks I myself; but I would be damneder than seven fools and a philosopher, seeing as how the team's smashed in a mud-hole, if I lent a hand to right it, when I knows it ain't worth nothing at all of nobody's money. Let the gentleman go right away, and tumble his gear into cash; pay of, and then we can make our calculations for another spec. But I reckons, Squire, it be raising garden-seeds on a tarnation farm, in Jersey State, to talk 'bout help, when the business, by God! is necessitous—look ye, and help could do no more good than any thing that can't."

Seeing I could make no better of it, I lifted my hat, and bade him good-day, wishing him better luck in his undertakings than I had met with in mine.

"Well, that should be, Squire," said he, as he shook hands with me; "for I a'n't so glorious of myself, as not to take no man's 'pinion but my own. 'Somesever,' as the Squire's capsized, I pity's the gentleman, and mayhap have a friend's heart were the tide turned."

When I left the house, I could not but think Mr. Hoskins was a man of a forbidding manner; but the more I came to reflect soberly on what he had said, I discerned both prudence

and good advice in his counsel. I thought, however, it would have been but civil, considering my humiliation, had he restrained the taunt at my self-sufficiency, the punishment of which was then as manifest, as the contrition I felt for it was deep and sincere.

CHAPTER IX.

Man was made to mourn.

I RETURNED homeward very sad and grievously cast down, yet it was not a reasonable grief with which I was affected.

My situation had been long daily becoming worse, and there was not a chance within the scope of any probability that by perseverance the difficulties might be overcome. The advice of Mr. Hoskins pointed out the only way by which I could hope to escape from my unutterable anxieties, and I was determined to follow that advice "right away." Still, I could not shake off the sense of calamity, which, as it were, gnawed my heart.

What I felt is ever in my remembrance terrible. It was a palsy of the mind; the black jaundice of despondency; I could exert no firmness, and dreadful suggestions transfixed me, as it were, with the pangs and cruel-

ties of disease. But I might beggar the dictionary, and yet be poor in words to describe what I suffered; still, I was not actually touched with despair, for I had so often in trouble seen the shining hand of Providence suddenly stretched out of the cloud to help me, and I hoped it would yet be so again. Nevertheless, I was in spirit as one driven to the door of hell, and struggling with Fate on the threshold; nor was the measure of my affliction complete.

It was late in the evening before I reached the village in the neighbourhood of which my little farm was situated. A faint streak of the twilight still served to show the outline of the houses between me and the western sky, and here and there a light twinkled in a window. The voice of the river came to me as if many spirits were murmuring about man: it was a solemn time.

As I drew near to my own house, I saw the window-shutters were closed, but I discerned with surprise and a throbbing bosom, that more than the wonted candles were burning within. With a trembling hand I opened the door, at which I was met by Phemy, our old servant. She came towards me softly on her tiptoes, and

raising her spread hands close to her cheeks, said, "Hush, hush!"

The gloomy, worldly fancies which had hovered like ravens about me all the way from the landing at the ferry, were instantly dispersed.

"In the name of Heaven, Phemy, what's the matter?"

She said nothing, but beckoned me to follow her, and she conducted me straight into the parlour, which was in the back part of the house, looking into the garden. There sat my wife in the midst of our children; seeing me enter, she looked up; instead, however, of speaking, she only moved her hand in a way that at once bespoke silence, and told of the presence of sorrow; a second glance at the group informed me that one of the children was not there. "What is this! and where is Sarah?" said I, scarcely able to articulate.

My wife without speaking rose, and lifting one of the candles, for two—a most unusual thing—were on the table, and walked before me to a small bedchamber, which opened from the parlour, "There!" said she, pushing open the door, bursting at the same time into vehement weeping.

I lifted the curtain aside, and there, indeed, lay our sweet and beautiful child a disfigured corpse; I staggered back into a chair, and covering my face with my hands, prayed inwardly that I might be forgiven for having thought so bitterly of the loss of worldly substance.

The lovely child had gone out with two of her brothers in the cart, and in coming back something had startled the horses, by which she was thrown out, and a wheel went over her.

It was not possible that any impartial parent could more dearly love a child than I did that sweet bud; but verily we are wonderfully made, fashioned in darkness and living in mystery. The sight of her corpse lightened my heart; I felt, and surely it was not sinful so to feel, as if, in the accident, there was an admonishment to me, to consider the blessings still spared to me in the young olive-plants by which my table was surrounded.

I rose from the chair into which I had sunk down, and leading my wife back into the parlour, took a seat beside her: strange, that in such a time I should experience, instead of an augmentation of grief and care, a holy tranquil-

lity diffused within my bosom, and a resignation to the will of Heaven, that could have come from no resolution of mine.

In the morning, it was needful to think of the funeral, and I gave all the necessary directions without once reflecting that I had not the means of defraying the expense. This extraordinary forgetfulness was no doubt granted for a consolation; but when it is considered how my very dreams were in that season dunned with sordid apprehensions, it was surely an amazing dispensation, one of those rare instances of the marvellous manner in which Providence is often graciously pleased to mitigate adversity, to temper the wind to the shorn lamb.

In the evening, after the burial, when I had composed my family with worship, and the children were laid to sleep, I walked forth alone, for the cares of the world were again coming back upon me, and adversity was saddening the ear of reason with the bodements of her heavy tale. My experience that night, though of a calmer kind than the anxiety of the other, was still gloomy and oppressive. A moral sultriness affected my spirit and weighed upon my thoughts, and I began to distrust the continuance of that goodness which had so often done for me so

much, when expectation had sickened and reason was deserted by hope.

In this melancholy mood I took the path leading to the creek, and on approaching the ford I perceived a man on horseback coming across towards me. I was about to turn and go home, when he called on me by name, and alighting, on reaching the bank, he came leading his horse by the bridle. Inquiring kindly for all my family, he shook my hand in a friendly manner.

"I have heard," said he, "what has befallen you, as well as how it has of late gone with your business; and thinking a little cash might be of service, I have come to pay you a debt that has been too long due."

This proved to be, for at first I did not recollect him, a young man with whom, when I was moving my family over to Jersey State, we happened to fall in with on the road, going home to his friends ill of the ague. We took him to our house, and nursed him with cordials and comfort, until he was able to resume his journey. In going away, he bought from me on credit eleven dollars' worth of different kinds of seeds, but we never heard nor saw aught of him again till that night. For this, however,

as he showed to me, he was but little to blame, having, on reaching home, been again taken ill, and for several weeks rendered incapable of attending to any business; at last he was persuaded to try a sea voyage, and accordingly went a trip in a privateer, by which he recovered his health and got a power of prize-money.

I need not say that the payment of this honest lad's debt was as water from the rock. It enabled me to set at once about the sale of the farm and stock in trade, from the proceeds of which I paid cent by cent all my creditors; with which they were so content, though I could not satisfy my own desires, that they voluntarily gave me a receipt in full of all demands. I then went back to New York to begin the world pennyless, really worse by a sixpence than when I landed nineteen years before, a young man having only himself to provide for: I had now a wife and five children in my knapsack.

CHAPTER X.

Close not the eye; the lip hath not yet lost
The radiant ripeness of its living beauty;
And see, is it not so?—upon the glass
The breathing spirit hath a token given
That it still lingers.

WHEN the mind has been shaken up from the bottom as mine was, a long time must elapse after the cause of the agitation has subsided, before a calm comes again; I felt it so. The tempest within me was past, and the winter over and gone, when I returned with my family to New York; but the dark billows of unsettled thought still rolled heavily, and reason, like the helm of the mariner in the swell which follows the storm, proved often ineffectual to guide me in the course I was desirous to steer.

My intention, as I have intimated, was to resume my seed-store in the old place; but the house had been hired for auction-rooms, and was not to be had. After looking about for a whole

day, I returned, wearied and dejected, to my family in the evening, without having seen any one place that would suit; a day at this time was precious to my light and lank purse, and it was with unspeakable sadness of heart I was obliged to tell my patient wife how fruitless my search had been.

She was at no time one of those women who are obtrusive of their counsels, nor ever a Job's comforter to point out how matters might have been better, had her husband turned to the left hand instead of the right; but a quiet, earnest practitioner of household thrift, doing her in-door part to the best of her ability. On this occasion, however, she came out of her usual habitude, and seeing me so greatly downcast, remonstrated with me.

While she was speaking, her uncle, my old friend Zerobabel L. Hoskins, came most unexpectedly to see us. I have told the courteous reader how coldly and bluntly he had rebuffed my application for the small loan; I need hardly say he was in consequence one whom I was not likely soon to have solicited again.

"Well," said he, looking around him as he sat down unbidden, "I guess this 'ere house is considerable small for you; but the Squire he

knows, when folks be in the bush, they shouldn't 'spect the springs to run cherry bounce. 'Somever, Judy, my niece that was, afore you was harnished with the Squire, I ha'n't acome to talk nothing at all—bekase, says I, their store a'n't agoing yet—so I made my calculations, and says I to myself, says I, there is in my box there—it was in the corner, snug behind the door—there lays, says I, five hundred dollars in that 'ere box, not worth a cent as they lays there, or I 'm a male cow; and they ha'e been alaying there dead as mummies ever since that night the Squire couldn't start the two hundred. Well, you see, I looks at that 'ere box, what 's in the corner behind the door, and up I gets and goes right away and takes out 'em dollars; and so here they be, and the Squire may buy fiddlesticks, if he can't trade 'em for no better."

We were astonished; we had not words to express what we felt at such unlooked for liberality, such a God-send—but the worthy old man did not stop long to hear our thankfulness, for as soon as he had placed the bag in my wife's lap, he rose and walked out of the room as negligently as he entered; perhaps there might be a little more haste in his exit.

But I have now to rehearse a very strange thing, a sad demonstration of the caprice and waywardness of the human heart. This rich gift, instead of giving me at the time confidence in Providence, whose continued bounty I had so largely shared, overwhelmed me with disconsolate ruminations.

As my wife was putting up the children in their cribs for the night, I moved my chair to the table at the window, and sat with my cheek upon my hand, looking out to the stars, and recalling to mind all that had happened to me since I had left my father's house.

"Why is it," said I to myself, "that my soul is thus cast down, and the tokens of providential care yield me no delight? Hath the toil of a vexed spirit worn me out, that I droop like a plant which hath lost its steadfastness in the ground, and sinks beneath the gracious rain which should restore its vigour?"

While I was thus silently indulging in sad thoughts the tears of the spirit, my wife again came to me, and laying her hand gently on my shoulder, tenderly inquired how, after so great a testimony as we had that night received, I should still distrust our future fortunes.

"I distrust them not," was my solemn reply;

"but I can discern nothing in myself that gives me encouragement to be joyful. This, which makes me rich again, is fraught with reproach;" and so on from less to more did I express my inward sense of humiliation, that my poor wife began to weep, saying, in seeing me so down-hearted, I had convinced her we were indeed unfortunate. To console her, I made several endeavours to shake off the despondency which had fallen upon me, but they were all ineffectual; I prayed with anguish of heart that the load might be removed, and my spirit lightened; but it was of no avail, my bed that night was as the gridiron on which the Papists say St. Lawrence suffered martyrdom, and scorpions crawled upon my pillow.

My wife sat beside me the whole night, but neither with her gentle nursing, nor by solicitation, could sleep be won to approach me. Towards the break of day my head began to throb with intolerable pain, and long before my poor children were stirring, a fever raged in my boiling veins: a doctor was sent for soon after breakfast, but could do no good; all the wonted secrets of his art were tried in vain for three days; and ill as I was, I could discern that, though he afterwards continued his prescrip-

tions, he had himself no faith in their efficacy. I began to consider myself a dying man. In the crisis of the fifth day I fell into the trance of a catalepsy, and it was verily thought I was dead.

But although the body was immovable, and all the powers of corporeal life stood still, my mind was vividly awake. I heard every thing that passed in the chamber—the deep, low, composed sorrow of my wife, and the wilder grief of our helpless children—I saw the matron who was sent for to assist in laying out the body begin the preparations for her task, and I had a horror that my condition was death, and that I was to remain to the end of time as conscious as I was then. Interment seemed inevitable. Little did I think that I should survive to indite this book; but the means by which great things are brought to pass beggar the conjectures of man.

My brother, after my apparent decease (he was not present when the trance came upon me) was sent for to assist the old woman in adorning me for the worms. In that business it was necessary to move me from the position in which, as it was supposed, I had departed; so he pulled me up by the shoulders: although I was but a

small subject, yet, when Mrs. Morts was moving my feet, something happened which caused my brother to lose his balance, and swung me out of bed, by which my right temple was severely cut on the corner of a chair, while my feet dashed the poor woman's head against the wall.

The shock broke the spell that was upon me; and my brother and all present, when they stooped to lift me up, were seized with consternation in beholding the blood begin to drop from the wound, and flow at last in a copious stream; the stiffness of my limbs relaxed, and my bosom heaved with the inspirations of returning life.

In the course of less than half an hour I was entirely restored to all my faculties, the fever had left me, and I was in every thing, but for the weakness, as cool, sensible, and collected, as I had ever been in my life.

CHAPTER XI.

Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade.

My recovery was very slow—the dregs of the fever remained long about me, and it was at one time thought I was tainted with the subtle malice of consumption, and could never hope to be myself again,—such were the fears of my friends and the opinion of the doctor. But from the time I was disenchanted from the catalepsy, a more hopeful sentiment kindled within myself. The gloom that preceded the fever was dissipated, I was again on the bright south side of things, and enjoyed the sunshine of blue and breezy skies.

The only molestation that gave me any uneasiness, was my inability to return to business; my limbs were as feeble as a baby's, and my head was liable at times to be light and vapoury, unfit for any sort of application. I was also now and then vexed, when I reflected that it

had not yet been in my power to put the liberality of Mr. Hoskins to thrift, and that it was diminshing and dwindling, though hoarded and nursed with the utmost care: but disease is a strong master, and malady will have its will, so what could I do but submit.

After I had been some two or three weeks afoot, and gradually, though tardily, getting better, I was advised to try the effects of a sail to Albany in one of the steam-boats. The suggestion was certainly in itself reasonable, but to spend money in such gallanting was a thing I had never thought of. However, as at this period I sometimes took a glass of wine for medicine, which I never tasted at any other time; in like manner I considered the voyage as a nostrum of pharmacy, and change of air a dose that might do me good.

Accordingly, it was determined, that on the first fine day I should embark for Albany, and come back by the same steamer on her return, by which I should not be obliged to change my bed more than once, for strange beds are to be eschewed by ill health. My wife on this occasion was anxious to go likewise, in order that she might see me properly heeded; but our means did not allow of pleasuring, and I thought

that for so short a time I was able to take care of myself.

Having embarked, and the vessel under-way, I began to inhale the blithe fresh air of the Hudson, and to feel, as it were, the breath of life blowing up the embers of health in my wasted frame. Every thing was new around me; the precipices that overlook the river, the Katskyll Mountains; all I saw were new; and the steamer herself, waddling and paddling up against the stream, was most vastly entertaining. I forgot care, sorrow, and disease, and went about from one place of the vessel to another, seeing all her ins and outs, and acknowledging that surely Mr. Fulton was a more ingenious boat-builder than Noah.

Being, however, as yet, not able to undergo a great deal of fatigue, I was obliged often, in the course of my inspection, to take a rest, and it happened on one of those occasions that I sat down beside a decent-looking elderly woman, having the charge of two children, evidently too young to be her own.

As it has ever been with me both an instinct and a habit to glean knowledge where it may be gathered, I entered into conversation with Mrs. Micklethrift, whom I soon found was a

countrywoman of my own, and one well deserving of having her acquaintance cultivated. The children were her son's, who, with his wife and two older boys, were already in the Genesee country as settlers, where they had raised a house, and made, by all accounts, as she said, a brave clearing in the woods, having seven acres chopped, and three of them under crop. Her son and his wife, with the two boys, had come out from Ruglen the year before, and seeing they were all likely to do well, had sent for her and the two little ones.

Although I had been now many years in America, yet, as my perambulations were never above eight or nine miles from New York, I was really at this time entirely ignorant of every thing a settler has to do and endure. I am not sure if I had then seen a tree older than myself felled; in short, I knew as little of bush-work as any other store-keeper or mechanic, or even a director of a land company. Nor was Mrs. Micklethrift, from her own experience, very well qualified to instruct me; but she had heard something; for her son was particular in his letters to let her know what she had to expect, and in conversation she was in consequence not only full of matter new to me, but wonderfully edifying.

After we had discussed all about her son, and what difficulties he had met and overcome, and of the great fault that inexperienced emigrants commit in bringing chests of drawers, eight-day clocks, and bread au'mo'ries with them from the old country, to say nothing of Carron grates,—we then discoursed of trade, which at that time she said was in a poor way about Glasgow, and was the cause of their coming to America.

"What will be the upshot," said I, "of all this breaking of banks and ravelling of manufacturers, that every other year bring both the old and new world almost to an end," for at that time trade was suffering greatly in New York.

"'Deed!" replied Mrs. Micklethrift, "there never will be any other sort of upshot than what we have seen in by-gone times. Trade's just like the farming, sometimes a good and sometimes a bad harvest; and so it will be to the conclusion. There's no steadiness in trade more than in the seasons. It was this persuasion that made my son loup off the treddles and go into the woods, where, if he now and then meet with a bad crop, he's still as certain of making a living; and as men increase and multiply, the value of his land will rise in the natural way, and without the artifice of speculation."

I thought this, sagacious mother wit, and began to reflect, that prosperous as I had been in the seed-line, maybe, had I gone into the bush and become a settler, it might have been better with me: for I was convinced it was true what Lucky Micklethrift said, better times may come round again, but it will only be as a better harvest; some other year, another short-coming will be followed with its disappointment.

Thus the accident of meeting with that sagacious carlin, I must, from this conversation, ever regard as one of the most important that had hitherto befallen me. It opened my eyes to a new light, by which I saw that trade, in the generality, is likely ever to be fluctuating. According to statesmen and orators, it may be only a little higher or a little lower one year with another; but among the individuals who toil and moil in stores and factories, there will always be some driven to the door; whereas, the settler in the woods, when he has cleared enough to maintain his family, and does not let his wants outgrow his means, rises, of necessity, with the progress of the community, in comparative safety and steadiness.

When I had pondered these things well, which I did during my stay in Albany, and all

the passage down the river, I began to be of opinion it was a good thing for me that I had not, according to my wishes, found a convenient store to resume the seed business, more especially when I reflected on my increasing family; for somehow it happened, that in the course of a month or two we were to look for an increase; in short, I resolved to give up all idea of entering again into trade in New York, and came to the resolution before I got home, to retire with my wife and children to the back woods, with the remainder of the five hundred dollars, convinced by what I had gathered from Mrs. Micklethrift, that it would be an abundant sufficiency for the purpose. This scheme, however, required some dexterity in the handling; we owed the money to the friendship of Mr. Hoskins, and it was hard to say if he would approve it. To go against his opinion would look like ingratitude, and to reckon on his consent, was more than could be expected, seeing how much he himself preferred trading and speculations, to the regular business of his farm. But in this I was as greatly mistaken in his character as on the former occasion, for when I took an opportunity soon after in a far-off way to sound him on the subject, much to my surprise he launch-

ed out in praise of the certainty that awaited the hopes of a settler in the bush.

"I calculate," said he, "the making of the bush into corn-fields is the right American manufacture; and if a man can never grow no richer at that, he's sure to be roasted like a quail on the devil's prongs at every thing else. 'Somever, that 'ere chopping, I reckon, is tarnation hard work; and if the location bean't a 'dicious one, the swamp fever will hop off with the Squire like nothing in a fortnight."

PART III.

CHAPTER I.

Spread the sail, spread the sail,
  We are bound o'er the sea;
Our lot lies in a foreign land,
  But merry we shall be.

My trip to Albany did me much good. I returned reinvigorated both in body and mind. The doubt which had still hung about me as to the prudence of resuming my old business was dissipated: I had discovered a new field, and was eager to enter on the cultivation.

No time was lost in making the necessary arrangements for the removal of my family to the western part of the State, the Genesee

country, which at that period, as I have already hinted, was fast filling with settlers, emigrants from Europe, and swarms from Pennsylvania and New England.

Peace having been restored a short time before, the number of passengers from London and Liverpool, all bound for the new settlements, was extraordinary. They came by the earliest ships in the spring, and brought great accounts of the multitudes who were to follow in the autumn. The prospects, in consequence, of the land-jobbers, as well as of the settlers, were cheering; insomuch that Mr. Hoskins, who took a deep interest in my proceedings, talked vastly of the prosperity I should see come to pass; he even hinted that I need be none surprised if he sold off his land and betterments in Vermont, gave up all speculations, and operated with his capital within the tract where I proposed to settle. Our exodus from New York thus commenced under the happiest auspices.

I had reflected on what Mrs. Micklethrift had said about the inconvenience of lugging and hauling furniture so far to the back of beyond; and accordingly, after due consultation with my wife, it was agreed between us, that, saving the ark, whereof mention has so often

been made, and some three or four boxes with necessaries, we should set out as light-handed as possible; and our purse, as the courteous reader is well aware, not being one of the weightiest, we made our calculations, that it would be cheaper to take passage in one of the Albany schooners than by the steam-boat. This I accordingly did, and made an agreement with the skipper of the Van Egmond, of Troy, a Dutchman, for less than a third of the money.

My family consisted at this time, besides the old cock and hen, of five chickens; Robin was fifteen, and Charley twelve; the other three were girls of something more than eighteen months between the two eldest; but though so young, none of them were without hands. Susy, the eldest, could do all kind of household work and spin, as well as bake bread. Mary was a perfect nonpareil at knitting-stockings, and had sewed a sampler with the Lord's Prayer in the middle, surrounded by the initials of all our names, in different stitches, that was, by competent judges, much thought of, at least they said so. Becky, the youngest, so called after my beloved Rebecca, was the new bairn.

Having placed the ark and boxes on a cart, we went down in a body, following it to the

wharf, at six o'clock in the morning of the 19th of April, 1815, when we embarked on board the Van Egmond, happy with ourselves, and pleased with the hopes which, like the buds of the season, were beginning to kithe in green before us.

We were not, however, the only passengers in the schooner. A family of six, from the neighbourhood of Paisley, was already on board, and had fitted themselves in the best berths.

The gude-man, James Pirns by name, and by trade a weaver, was a douce discreet bodie; something of the reforming order, and, as I found out in the course of the voyage, not overly orthodox in some of his religious opinions. His wife had been bred to the tambouring, and was neither so sensible, nor so orderly with her children, as she might have been. In short, it was evident, that although the poor man was constrained by the hard times to come to our new Canaan, the want of "meconomy," as he called it, in his helpmate, was probably the chief cause. Their four children being all young, one of them a baby, attracted no particular notice, farther than that they were impudent, and had an instinctive dislike to soap and water: altogether, James Pirns had a heavy

handful in his wife and her uncouth and uncombed brats.

He was, however, a man of some substance. Not having had the good fortune, like me, to fall in with a woman of sagacity, like Mrs. Micklethrift, he had brought with him, in the vessel from Europe, all his gear and chattels, not forgetting his wife's tambouring apparatus—a spinning-wheel would have been more to the purpose in America. They had hampers with delf tea-cups and saucers, black bottles, ricketty chairs, paralytic tables; every thing, in short, that a plain mechanical family requires, even to a bairn's chair with a hole in the bottom, and a wooden appurtenance.

While we were on-board the schooner, but little inconvenience was suffered from that cargo of garret lumber, nor in the voyage from the Clyde to New York, had it occasioned any great degree of molestation to James; but as we were sailing up the Hudson, I heard him several times complaining to his wife of the cost it had put him to, in bringing it only from the East River across the town, and expressing his fears of the expense to which he would still be subjected before they reached Oswego, towards which they were bound.

When we reached Albany, which was on the morning of the third day after leaving New York, I leapt on shore, and carts being ready waiting on the wharf, in less than no time and a jiffy, I got our chest and boxes out of the vessel, and on a cart, and having placed my wife and the girls on it beside them, we were on our way, rejoicing, towards Scennectady, before James Pirns had half concluded a bargain for the transportation of his trumpery.

That same night we reached Scennectady, where we stopped to sleep. Next morning we embarked in a boat on the Mohawk, which carried us to Little Falls, where we came on shore, and hired a waggon to bring us on to Utica. My wife, tired with being out all night on the river, and finding herself and the younger children discommoded in the boat, which was crank and unsatisfactory, moreover, being afraid to go up the rapids, persuaded me to take this step. What a change has come to pass in those parts since! and what a blessing it would have been to James Pirns, had the Erie Canal then been open. He might in that case have brought on every thing he had in safety and without trouble. But the economical discernment of

Mrs. Micklethrift would not have deserved the respect with which it inspired me, when I heard some time following how the poor man, after getting his tables lamed, and the legs of his chairs dislocated, besides having a smashery among his crockery-ware and black bottles, was obliged to sell the wreck and the main part of his furniture, at Scennectady.

As we came along, I made it a point wherever we had occasion to stop, to inquire particularly as to the opinion of the country folks concerning the different settlements then forming; but I was surprised to find that both Mrs. Micklethrift and James Pirns, though but newly come to America, were much better acquainted with every thing about them, than those tavern-keepers and others, to whom I applied. This was owing, as I learned afterwards, to the friends who had come before them, and who had written every particular necessary to be known.

At Utica we halted two days, chiefly that I might inform myself as to the state of the Western country; for I was averse to go too far into the wilderness, lest I should pass the reach of education, and expose my children to

the hazards of ignorance—a matter of the deepest concernment to those who think of settling in the bush.

After weighing well the knowledge I collected at Utica, it was determined that we should proceed to Babelmandel, a newly located town, about a hundred miles to the westward, and that somewhere in the neighbourhood I should choose my land. I was also advised not to take my family at once upon the land, but to leave my wife and the girls in the nearest village, until I had raised a house to receive them; many of the misfortunes which befall new settlers being caused by risking their health on new ground and ague beds, without sufficient caution. But I shall not descant on these things here; neither shall I describe the roads we travelled, nor the anguish we endured from the corduroy crossways, made of trunks of trees, which we were obliged in many places to pass over for miles together, before we reached Olympus, the village within fifteen miles of Babelmandel, where it was arranged my wife and the girls should make their sojourn.

CHAPTER II.

——To live in those dark woods,
And with the ponderous trunks of ancient trees,
To stretch on withered leaves our weary limbs,
We go.—

OLYMPUS was a new town, only about three years old, and, but for being injudiciously located in a deep swampy hollow, rapid as it had been in growth, it would have, even in so short a time, been a much more considerable place. As it was, it consisted of upwards of twenty houses, a place of worship, a school, and two taverns. It was, however, the opinion of the inhabitants, that it would not succeed; for no fresh inquiries were made for lots by new settlers; indeed, the unhealthy situation was one of the causes which led to the formation of the new settlement at Babelmandel, towards which the tide of emigration was at this time flowing.

Besides arranging a sojourn for the mistress

and her three girls, until I should have determined our location, and raised a house for them, it was necessary to stop a day or two at Olympus, to settle with the land-agent of the Babelmandel settlement, who held his office at that time there. But in both concerns I found no difficulty. In one of the taverns we were creditably accommodated on terms that could not be complained of, and the agent was a most civil gentleman, doing all in his power to make things easy, and giving me a deal of good and profitable advice.

Among other things, he remarked, that he thought, considering my stature and light weight, I should find it more to my advantage to try if the overseer of the roads, which were then opening through the settlement, could give me employment as a Boss, or foreman to look over a gang of the roadmakers; and, in that case, to contract with an experienced wood's-man to do the chopping on my land, in which work the two boys would be found serviceable, either in collecting the brush or in burning off the logs. "For," said he, "I can see you are one of those sort of settlers, whose heads are worth four of their hands."

Having selected on the diagram of the Babelmandel township a lot of fifty acres, near the forks of two considerable creeks, within about half a mile of the new village, I prepared a few necessaries for the boys and myself, and on the third day after our arrival at Olympus, we set out, with packs on our backs, to take possession, accompanied by one of the inhabitants, who undertook for a dollar to show the land. It may be thought, in buying the lot before I had seen it, I was buying a pig in a poke; but it was not exactly so, for I reserved to myself the privilege of changing it for another if not satisfied.

The road from Olympus to Babelmandel, after quitting the cleared land, was desperate bad. It was then but the mere blazed line of what was to be a road; stumps and cradle heaps, mud-holes and miry swails, succeeded one another, like the big and little beads of perdition on a papistical paternoster. But the fatigue and toil of travelling it was as nothing, compared with the disheartening task as it then seemed of finding the land-marks. Certain I am, that only an eye long practised in the business, could ever find the posts, placed as they are in the very heart of the bushes of a wilder-

ness, where no airt can be traced, save by the moss on the northern side of the trunks of the trees.

Before we had accomplished half our journey, though it was but fifteen miles, I resolved we should go straight on to the village for the night, and take a fresh day to examine the land. Had we not done so, I am persuaded the boys and I would have sunk with fatigue; our guide being used to the woods, suffered comparatively little. Accordingly we proceeded straight on, and at last reached the road, which was being opened from the town, and the clearings in the vicinity.

Of all the sights in this world the most likely to daunt a stout heart, and to infect a resolute spirit with despondency, that of a newly-chopped tract of the forest certainly bears away the bell. Hundreds on hundreds of vast and ponderous trees covering the ground for acres, like the mighty slain in a field of battle, all to be removed, yea, obliterated, before the solitary settler can raise a meal of potatoes, seemingly offer the most hopeless task which the industry of man can struggle with. My heart withered as I contemplated the scene, and my two little boys came close to me, and inquired with the

low accents of anxiety and dread, if the moving of these enormous things was to be our work. Fortunately, before I had time to answer their question, a sudden turn of the road brought us in sight of the village, where the settlers in all directions were busy logging and burning. The liveliness of this spectacle, the blazing of the timber, and the rapid destruction of the trees, rendered, indeed, any answer unnecessary. They beheld at once, that so far from the work being hopeless, the ground was laid open for tillage even while we were looking at it, and we entered Babelmandel reassured in all our hopes.

The village as yet consisted but of shanties and log-houses. The former is a hut or wigwam, made of bark laid upon the skeleton of a rude roof, and is open commonly on the one side, nigh to which, during the night, the inmates who sleep within, raise a great fire to keep themselves warm; some say to protect them from wolves and other wild beasts. Notwithstanding the rough appearance of the shanty, it yet affords a shelter with which weary axemen are well content. I never, however, had a right solid sound sleep in one, for, as they are open, I had a constant fear of snakes crawling in upon

me; nor was it imaginary, for that very night, the first we passed in Babelmandel, the boys and I being obliged to make our bed on hemlock boughs in a shanty, had not well composed ourselves to rest, when Charley, the youngest, felt something like a man's finger wimbling in under his neck, and starting up, beheld a large garter-snake twisting and twining where he had made his pillow. We were pacified in our alarm, by an assurance that it was of a harmless kind, but truly it will be a long time before I am satisfied that any serpent can ever be a commendable bed-fellow.

Saving that molestation, we passed, however, a comfortable night; at first, it was proposed, on account of the snakes, that we should alternately keep watch; but when I had the watch myself, a drowsiness fell upon me, and shut up my eyes in sleep, till the sun was more than an hour high, and every one at work.

Betimes, after taking some breakfast, at which we had hemlock-tea, a pleasant and salutary drink, though not in much repute at bridals, we buckled on our knapsacks, and proceeded with our guide in quest of the lot I had bargained for, and which we easily found, as it answered very correctly to the description re-

ceived from the agent. It was a pleasant situation, looking up the forks of the two rivers. I decided at once on being content with it, and forthwith we began to seek for a suitable place to raise a house on. This was not difficult to find, and I made choice of a rising ground near a pretty spring, as the site of our future home. But as it was necessary in the mean time to provide a place of temporary shelter, we went nearer to the village with our shanty, and for divers reasons; first, a lone man, neither a giant nor a Samson, with two little boys, I thought too weak a garrison against wolves and bears; second, by the kind recommendation of the agent, I was to be made a Boss on the road; and third, as the boys were to work with the guide with whom I contracted to clear five acres for me, I wished to be with them at night, which could not have been accomplished, had we sat down at once upon my own land; so we raised our shanty within the boundaries marked out for the town-plot, on a rising bank, overlooking the main river, and near to a large shanty, which about a score of the axemen and carpenters had constructed for themselves. Our shanty was completed in good time before the evening, so that when we dress-

ed our supper at the fire before the door, I could not but acknowledge with thankfulness, that we had reached the Mount Pisgah of our pilgrimage. The wall top was surmounted; I thought myself safe among the leaves on the other side, and at a fitting time, the boys being already in the arms of Morpheus, I stretched myself beside them and courted sleep.

But the sleep that came was not like the downy comforter of the preceding night. It was uneasy and ominous. I dreamt of serpents, and fancied that I saw wolves looking over the fire at us as we lay in the shanty on the ground; while ever and anon, I heard, or thought I heard, a voice warning me to vigilance—altogether, it was a comfortless time, and the wind having changed, blew the smoke of the fire so in upon us, that I was obliged to get up and go to the outside. Here my condition was but little improved, for the skies were overcast with thick black clouds, and a screech-owl in a neighbouring tree was making the night hideous with her evil prophecies.

CHAPTER III.

The waters, the big waters,
Are coming, see they come.

About daybreak it began to rain, and continued to pour with increasing violence all the morning; no one thought of stirring abroad who could keep within shelter. My boys and I had for task only to keep the fire at the door of the shanty brisk and blazing, and to notice that the pools, which began to form around us, did not become too large; for sometimes, besides the accumulation of the rain, little streams would suddenly break out, and rushing towards us, would have extinguished our fire, had we not been vigilant.

The site I had chosen for the shanty, was near to a little brook on the top of the main river's bank. In fine weather, no situation could be more beautiful; the brook was clear as crystal, and fell in a small cascade into the

river, which, broad and deep, ran beneath the bank with a swift but smooth current.

The forest up the river had not been explored above a mile or two: all beyond was the unknown wilderness. Some vague rumours of small lakes and beaver dams were circulated in the village, but no importance was attached to the information, our shanty being placed on a bold and rocky bank; save but for the occasional little torrents with which the rain sometimes hastily threatened to extinguish the fires, we had no cause to dread inundation.

The rain still continued to fall incessantly; the pools it formed in the hollows of the ground began, towards noon, to overflow their banks, and to become united. By and by something like a slight current was observed passing from one to another, but thinking only of preserving our fire, we no farther noticed this, than by occasionally running out of the shanty into the shower, and scraping a channel to let the water run off into the brook or the river.

It was hoped that about noon the rain would slacken, but in this we were disappointed. It continued to increase, and the ground began to be so flooded, while the brook swelled to a river, that we thought it might become necessary to

shift our tent to a higher part of the bank. To do this, we were, however, reluctant, for it was impossible to encounter the deluge without being almost instantly soaked to the skin; and we had put the shanty up with more care and pains than usual, intending it should serve us for a home until our house was comfortably finished.

About three o'clock the skies were dreadfully darkened and overcast. I had never seen such darkness while the sun was above the horizon, and still the rain continued to descend in cataracts, but at fits and intervals. No man, who hath not seen the like, would credit the description.

Suddenly a sharp flash of lightning, followed by an instantaneous thunder-peal, lightened up all the forest; and almost in the same moment the rain came lavishing along as if the windows of heaven were opened; anon another flash, and a louder peal burst upon us, as if the whole forest was rending over and around us.

I drew my helpless and poor trembling little boys under the skirts of my great coat.

Then there was another frantic flash, and the roar of the thunder was augmented by the riven trees, that fell cloven on all sides in a whirlwind of splinters. But though the lightning was more

terrible than scimitars, and the thunder roared as if the vaults of heaven were shaken to pieces and tumbling in, the irresistible rain was still more appalling than either. I have said it was as if the windows of heaven were opened. About sunset, the ground floods were as if the fountains of the great deep were breaking up.

I pressed my shivering children to my bosom, but I could not speak. At the common shanty, where there had been for some time an affectation of mirth and ribaldry, there was now silence; at last, as if with one accord, all the inhabitants rushed from below their miserable shed, tore it into pieces, and ran with the fragments to a higher ground, crying wildly, "The river is rising!"

I had seen it swelling for some time, but our shanty stood so far above the stream, that I had no fear it would reach us. Scarcely, however, had the axemen escaped from theirs, and planted themselves on the crown of a rising ground nearer to us, where they were hastily constructing another shed, when a tremendouc crash and roar was heard at some distance in the woods, higher up the stream. It was so awful, I had almost said so omnipotent, in the sound, that I started on my feet, and shook my treasures

from me. For a moment that Niagara of the river seemed almost to pause—it was but for a moment, for instantly after, the noise of the rending of mighty trees, the crashing and the tearing of the unrooted forest, rose around. The waters of the river, troubled and raging, came hurling with the wreck of the woods, sweeping with inconceivable fury every thing that stood within its scope—a lake had burst its banks.

The sudden rise of the water soon, however, subsided; I saw it ebbing fast, and comforted my terrified boys. The rain also began to abate. Instead of those dreadful sheets of waves which fell upon us, as if some vast ocean behind the forest was heaving over its spray, a thick continued small rain came on, and about an hour after sunset, streaks and breaks in the clouds gave some token that the worst was over—it was not, however, so.; for about the same time a stream appeared in the hollow between the rising ground to which the axemen had retired, and the little knoll on which our shanty stood; at the same time the waters in the river began to swell again. There was on this occasion no abrupt and bursting noise, but the night was fast closing upon us, and a hoarse mutter-

ing and angry sound of many waters grew louder and louder on all sides.

The darkness, and the increasing rage of the river, which there was just twilight enough to show was rising above the brim of the bank, smote me with inexpressible terror. I snatched my children by the hand, and rushed forward to join the axemen, but the torrent between us rolled so violently, that to pass was impossible, and the waters still continued to rise.

I called aloud to the axemen for assistance; and when they heard my desperate cries, they came out of the shed, some with burning brands, and others with their axes glittering in the flames; but they could render no help: at last, one man, a fearless backs-woodman, happened to observe by the fire-light, a tree on the bank of the torrent, which it in some degree overhung, and he called for others to join him in making a bridge. In the course of a few minutes the tree was laid across the stream, and we scrambled over, just as the river extinguished our fire, and swept our shanty away.

This rescue was in itself so wonderful, and the scene had been so terrible, that it was some time after we were safe, before I could rouse myself to believe I was not in the fangs of the

nightmare. My poor boys clung to me as if still not assured of their security, and I wept upon their necks in the ecstasy of an unspeakable passion of anguish and joy.

About this time the misling rain began to fall softer; the dawn of the moon appeared through the upper branches of the forest, and here and there the stars looked out from their windows in the clouds. The storm was gone, and the deluge assuaged; the floods all around us gradually ebbed away, and the insolent and unknown waters which had so swelled the river shrunk within their banks, and long before morning they had retired from the scene.

Need I say that anthems of deliverance were heard in our camp that night? O surely no! The woods answered to our psalms, and waved their mighty arms; the green leaves clapped their hands, and the blessed moon, lifting the veil from her forehead, and looking down upon us through the boughs, gladdened our solemn rejoicing.

CHAPTER IV.

His household Gods were all removed, his hearth
Extinguished, and his home made desolate!

THE restoration of the shanty was but the work of a few hours, and was performed by Amidab Peters, the guide, and the two boys; for being eager to be doing something, I entered next day on my office as Boss on the road, to gang number five. For several days nothing particular occurred, but the weather was unsettled, and less work was obtained from the labourers than usual at that season of the year, which made the agent peevish, as the speculators for whom he acted, often grumbled most when they ought to have been best pleased; not that any party who have to pay for out-of-door work are ever otherwise than dissatisfied with bad weather.

But the rainy, do-nothing days, which increased the agent's bills, were holidays to the

settlers. On those occasions, they were wont to assemble in the large shed to tell stories and sing songs for pastime, the rain having forbidden every kind of active sport. This, as the season was uncommonly wet, came round so often, that the songs and tales at last began to grow stale, and we had recourse to different devices to raise fresh supplies. It was to me they were indebted for the suggestion, that every one should tell a story either of himself or some adventure that had taken place within his own knowledge; and as encouragement to begin, I opened the ball, by a full, true, and particular account of some of the adventures herein related. This led on others, till at last the turn came to an old man who, for his mild and genteel manners, was jocularly known in the settlement as Mr. Gentleman; nobody, however, ventured to address him so familiarly.

I had frequently noticed him with curiosity, but somehow was restrained without knowing wherefore, from making his acquaintance.

I saw him first in the woods alone; he was sitting on the trunk of a tree which he had newly felled, caressing a little dog; his axe rested against the stump; at a short distance on the ground lay his coat and straw-hat, and

near them a dead snake recently killed. Something in his air and appearance bespoke my compassion, and the fairness of his hands showed that to him the toil of the chopper was a new trade; moreover, he was evidently aged, three-score at least, for his hair was quite white, and besides the deep furrows of thoughtfulness, his countenance was impressed with those other dry and withered wrinkles, which age as well as anxiety is necessary to produce.

After some hesitation he began:

"It is of no importance to tell you who I am, nor would the disclosure of my real name increase the interest of my little story. You see me here alone, unknown to you all; some of you deem me proud because I shun your occasional amusements, but whatever motives lead me to keep myself sequestered, they may have their source in deeper feelings than any emotion in the power of present circumstances to excite.

"To begin, then, you see, in the strictest sense of the term, a forlorn man: all of you have some friend, kinsman, or acquaintances here, or you have previously heard something of some amongst you: it is not so with me; I stand solitary in a circle which excludes every affection

from without, none can pass the interdicted bound, and all within seems eradicated. I am, as respects my former individuality, dead to the world. It is believed by those to whom I was formerly known, that I exist no longer. My story belongs to necrology. The void which my departure left in society, has long, ere this, been filled up; or if I am yet remembered by some kinder heart than another, it is with wondering whence I came, and into what obscurity I have returned—doubtless the common opinion is, into the dust.

"You see before you one of those unfortunate men, who, without fortune or influential connections, yet, owing to something in address or character, attract a larger share of attention than befits their humble circumstances. From my childhood I was one of whom high expectations were cherished; my youth was countenanced by many in superior stations. It was thought that I possessed the endowment of more than ordinary talent, and I was esteemed because I diligently cultivated the supposed gift. My small paternal inheritance was just enough to raise me above the necessity of a patron, too little to secure me a friend among those whose tastes and inclinations accorded with my own. I say not

this in satire, but some equality, even in sordid circumstances, is essential to friendship; without it, however closely two young hearts may have been cemented, the mutations of fortune will, sooner or later, shake them asunder never to be reunited again.

"I was made sensible of this truth at an early age. Just as I was entering upon the threshold of life, a false step, or rather a miscalculation, suddenly taught me to know my helplessness. I needed assistance, and could obtain none; nor did I solicit any. I was confident in myself; I persevered against the effects of the accident; I ultimately overcame them, and went forward with a higher and brighter career. But I saw that in my difficulties I was avoided by those whom, in the flattery of youth, I counted my dearest friends: I could not disguise from myself the fact of that disaster. Nor could I refrain from comparing my condition with theirs—all had some relation or connection, bound by other than moral sentiments to their fortunes and reputation, and to whom their success was an object of solicitude. Some of them had thus ties or claims on persons superior to their rank and circumstances; but all my connections, without one exception, though not poor for their station,

were yet unable to assist me; this, and the innate emulation of my disposition, placed me at all times on the verge of a precipice. My means were ever put to their utmost; the slightest shock was sufficient, at any time, to disarrange my operations.

"Still, however, I worked onward; I was enabled to keep the course I had chosen, and the sphere in which I moved was enlarged and exalted; at last, as my hair began to grow grey, the goal to which I had pressed forward with so much constancy and vigour appeared in view. I redoubled my efforts, and soon it placed in my power all I desired, presenting the means of an honourable repose for my old age—I succeeded—a few years of energy and endeavour only were necessary, to secure the fruits of my long unwearied cheerful industry, and my exertions were not unworthy of the object. All I undertook prospered; nothing that I did could I have wished undone. I was in an eminent public trust, honours were proposed for me, my couch was spread, and though in the enjoyment of a green old age, I prepared myself for the embraces of repose.—Alas! how fugitive are the fortunes of men!

"In that crisis, the blight which has fallen

upon the universal industry of the world, infected the concerns and interests of my trust; and thus, at the age of three-score, was I cast adrift, and in poverty. The original scope of my line of business prevented me from ever being in a situation to become rich; a respectable income was the maximum it ever offered. I was then too old to begin the world again; moreover, the world itself was no longer the same, so that even if I could have commanded the means to commence a new career, I could discover no path into which, with any chance of success, I could strike; and a disappointed heart, beneath the load of three-score years, hath but ineffectual energies.

"In this state of hopelessness, being then at the sea-side, I went out one day with two fishermen in their boat; we had not been long on the fishing-ground, when the wind began to blow strongly from the land, and the appearance of the heavens indicated an approaching tempest. The fishermen became alarmed, and made for the shore: for me, I felt no fear, I saw no danger, but in living too long. An abrupt heave of the sea upset the boat; the two fishermen were drowned: I was, however, saved as by a miracle, being somehow enabled

to mount upon the bottom of the boat, where I remained upwards of three hours at the mercy of the waves, and drifting from the shore before the wind. Indebted to instinct rather than resolution for the preservation of my life: what was there to me in life to make it worth preserving?

"At last, a vessel from the French coast came in sight; and the squall having by that time abated, she discovered me, and bore down to my assistance in time to save me before the dashing waves and the cold had quite extinguished the embers of life.

"The captain, with the urbanity of his nation, contributed every thing on board which could minister to my restoration; but more than two days elapsed before I was in a condition to express my gratitude, and they had no cordial for a broken heart.

"My reflections in the mean time were inexpressibly painful. It could not but be thought by my friends that I had perished with the fishermen. What friends?

"The ship being bound to New York, I was carried thither, where, soon after my arrival, by the good offices of the captain, I found employment as a clerk; and with the little earn-

ings of that station, I have been enabled to come here, where I hope to spend the cheerless evenings of my days in unmolested tranquillity."

His tale was told with simplicity, and produced a sorrowful sympathy for him: no observation was made on it; we looked only at one another; and the rain having then passed off, we rose singly, and went away.

CHAPTER V.

Go to, proud fool! count not on Fortune's favour,
Her gifts are gleams on water.

IN the mean time, Amidab Peters, who was our guide from Olympus, with the two boys, was busy chopping down the trees on my farm, and preparing logs for a house, while I, as a Boss on the roads, was receiving what would have been thought great wages in a town even in America. But the hard fare to which my duty subjected me, and the frequent instances in which I saw men pulled down with the hatchet in their hands by the ague, made the employment so unsatisfactory, that I resolved to retire from it, and give my whole attention to my own land, notwithstanding the infirm construction of my frame for the toil of clearing.

Moreover, by this time I had learnt something of the expedients of settlers, and was convinced that girdling the trees is a quicker and better way for the first operations of new be-

ginners, especially such as have had no experience of the woods, nor have been practised with the axe, than the laborious undertaking of hewing down each particular huge tree by itself. To girdle is to cut a ring round the bark of the trunk into the timber, which causes the tree to die; in the course of two or three years it falls, and being then well dried, is easily burnt off; as this work does not require a powerful arm, it suited me exactly.

'As soon as a sufficient number of proper logs for my house had been prepared, and brought to the place by a team of oxen hired for the purpose, I made a bee; that is, I collected as many of the most expert and able-bodied of the settlers to assist at the raising, by which I got the walls of a most excellent house up in the course of a single day.'

In finishing my house, I took more pains than common, for I had reflected on what is often said, that new settlers are too apt to expose their health indiscreetly, when by care and consideration they might be more comfortably lodged for little more trouble or expense. It is a fault with them to make their first work serve, and to leave many things to be done in the winter, when they cannot work in the woods,

that were better executed in warm and dry weather.

In summer, the unseasoned timber shrinks, and the chinks between the logs then are wider than in the moist weather of the fall. It therefore consists with common sense that the summer is the time for filling up the chinks; but there was another reason which had great weight with me for doing it at once; in hot weather, my bosom friends the snakes are nimbler than at any other time, and will slip in and out of the smallest holes like the evil spirits through keyholes. To keep them out, was, therefore, a main point with me, for in the autumn, when the evenings become chilly, they sometimes contrive to get into the houses, and coil themselves up in corners for the winter. But my chief reason for being so overly particular at the beginning, as some of the other settlers thought, was a dread of the autumnal rains and the cold piercing winds of the frozen season. Health and strength are the gold and silver of the woods, and I was anxious to have my treasure well protected.

Having prepared a few articles of furniture of such cabinet-work as the axe could fashion, among which were two or three cuts of trees for stools, and a table, with legs that for girth

and solidity might have been pillars in a parish kirk, I went out to Olympus to bring my wife and the three girls to Babelmandel, leaving the two boys to keep the house. At Olympus I hired an ox-team to carry the ark and the boxes: it served also as a caravan for my live stock.

On the first Saturday of September we set out for our new home; light were our hearts, as, in the grey of the dewy morning, we entered the road-path in the wood which led to Babelmandel. Through the windfalls and the openings of the settlement, the rising sun was beginning to silver the leaves, and to glitter on the rills, sprinkling the floor of the forest-aisles with glaiks and gleams, a visible melody which broke the monotony of the gloom, as the songs of early birds do the dumbness of the night: it was the first time that the silence of the woods had not affected me with sadness; but we were happy and hopeful, and all around looked gay.

The afternoon was far advanced before we reached our new habitation, for though the distance was but fifteen miles, we were upwards of ten hours in travelling it; the mirth of many a joint-dislocking jolt, and almost headlong whamle, shortened, however, the road, and smoothed its roughness. On our arrival, we found the boys

anxiously waiting with a savoury stew, which they had of their own accord prepared to welcome their mother and sisters, and to show their proficiency in the art of living in the bush.

This unexpected feast added to our delight; we felt in our hearts that we had at last come to home, and thought of former disasters as of the holes and the snags which we had surmounted in the way.

After partaking of the boys' stew, I proposed to celebrate our arrival by uniting in worship as we were wont to do in Jersey and New York; and as the day had been exceedingly warm, I ordered the door to be left open to admit the cool evening air.

While we were engaged in that holy service, a sharp shrill shriek, wild and piercing, came from the village; imputing it to some frolic among the younger settlers, I heeded it not; it disturbed not the earnestness of our devotion. In less than a minute after, a similar cry was repeated, and caused me to pause in prayer. This was followed by a terrible hissing, hurrying, and crackling noise, something like the rushing sound of many sky-rockets, but immeasurably greater, followed, by a hundred vehement voices, screaming "fire!" Starting from

my kneeling, I ran to the door in alarm, scarce conceiving what the cry of fire in the wilderness could portend.

The woods were on fire! The scene of horror was at some distance behind the house, but the remorseless element was rising and wreathing in smoke and flame on all sides. The progress was a furious whirlwind; to arrest, or to extinguish, seemed equally impossible.

The unfortunate settlers were flying in all directions with their movables; but the fallen leaves, kindled by the fiery flakes that fell showering around, intercepted their flight, and obliged many to abandon their burdens; for, as with the Egyptian hail, fire ran along the ground: sometimes the flames ascended with a spiral sweep at once from the roots to the topmost boughs of the loftiest trees; at others they burst out in the highest branches at a distance from the general burning, as if some invisible incendiary was propagating the destruction. Aged trunks of hollow elms and oaks took fire within, and blazed out like fountains of flame; and all around the sound, like the rage of a hurricane and the roaring of seas upon a shallow shore, grew louder and louder.

After the first alarm, the settlers gathered

themselves together and looked on, wondering to one another what would be the conclusion; for the fire was spreading before the wind, leaving behind only the black and burning skeletons of the large trees. To most of us, though the sight was awful, the ravages of the flames were not disheartening; they effected a wide clearing at small cost, and I got rid of many of my girdled trees, so that we began to joke and make merry with those who were so lucky as to be within the scope of the destruction. But the mirth was of short duration in my family: Providence was pleased to interpose in a signal manner to quench the conflagration, by changing the wind and causing it to blow with great violence in the opposite direction, by which the flames being driven back on the devastation, soon spent their fury; and a heavy rain following, it was amazing to see how quickly the danger disappeared.

But though it is an ill wind which blows nobody good, the good that came by that change was yet not extended to me or mine. It was a gusty and turbulent wind, which came in whirling blasts, sweeping along the smoke, the ashes, and the embers, and involving every thing on our side of the settlement to such a degree in

thick smoke, and suffocating dust and steam. that we could not see our fingers before us. Being driven by it to seek shelter, we returned towards home, which we had left at the distance of some two or three hundred yards to join the other settlers. It was by this time almost dark, and the squally night, after the disaster we had witnessed, filled my wife with such anxieties, that she repined at having consented to come so far into the wilderness.

This was the first time she had ever expressed any thing like dissatisfaction, and I chided her a little for being so cast down, hurrying her at the same time, with our youngest child in her arms, towards the house; but who can tell what I suffered when, on approaching the door, which was still open as it had been left, we beheld the roof on fire in several places? There was no time for talk; I called her to place the child on the ground, and to assist me to get out the ark and boxes: this we effected before the boys came to us, but nothing could save the house. In the course of a few minutes it was all on fire; our expense and toil, our care and consideration, all perished. Thus, instead of the snug and comfortable habitation to which we had looked forward so eagerly, we were cast out on the

forest, and obliged to call in our neighbours to assist, amidst the darkness and squalls, to raise a shanty for the night. Nevertheless, I was none dismayed; but, on the contrary, my courage rose, and my wife, regretting the discontent she had unwittingly expressed, was thankful when we took possession of the sorry shed, that she had met with so little to complain of.

Such were the signs and tokens under which we took up our abode at Babelmandel.

CHAPTER VI.

The gentle moon looked pale at the sad sight.

NEXT day was the Sabbath, the oldest of blessings, the poor man's day. By me it has ever been regarded with delight, for I have enjoyment in the solemnity wherewith we are commanded to observe it. The day of rest, the property of individual man; no master may exact labour from his servant on that day, nor may the willing slave exert his sinews in toil without sinning against himself; for his own frame, after six days' labour, is needful of rest, and hath been enjoined to receive it by a hallowed and everlasting ordinance. Yet, though thus profoundly impressed with reverence for the sabbath, the sun, at his rising, beheld me busy amidst the fallen trees which had been spared from the burning, selecting logs for the construction of a new habitation.

The season was far advanced; it was already September, and unless I could provide a house before the rain set in, it would be necessary to move my family back to Olympus. The expense I could ill afford; for the payment of the first instalment on my land—I promised to pay by equal annual instalments in seven years—and the cost of bringing us from New York, together with various necessaries we stood in need of for the winter, had grievously lightened my purse; moreover, the baby was taken ill during the night, and it was heart-breaking to look upon her lying on the ground, and to reflect on the miserable tabernacle of sticks and bark raised in the storm, which was all our dwelling: but whether I offended by yielding to the suggestions of those temporal griefs, is a question remitted to a higher tribunal than the judgment even of Christian men.

In the course of the day I picked out a sufficient number of logs, contracted for bringing them to the spot, and for help to knotch them for joining. Thus, by daybreak, on Monday, my new house was progressing, and it was well I had been so alert; for many of our neighbours' houses having been destroyed by the fire, the hire of teams, and the rate of carpenters'

wages were, in the course of a few days, much increased.

Had it not been for the sickness of the child, I was not disposed to contemplate our misfortune as of a very dark hue. The weather was clear and fair, the work went on thrivingly, and an unwonted hilarity sparkled in my bosom. But the poor thing daily grew worse, and at last her mother became seriously alarmed.

There was then no doctor at Babelmandel, a sad omission, and deplorable to humanity; for no one thing is so necessary in a new settlement, where accidents occur so often, and sickness is so rife; so that, seeing the evident decay of the poor child, I resolved to go to Olympus to consult the medical man there, and to bring him out with me, if, upon considering the case, he should think it was requisite to see her. Accordingly, with my second son, Charles, I set out on the Friday morning, in order that we might be back in the course of Saturday. I took him with me for companionship, and because it is not wise to travel alone in the wild woods.

The doctor, by my description, did not seem to think there was cause to apprehend immediate danger; but he gave me a small packet of

medicines, and a drug in a phial, and said, as so many of the settlers had been unhoused by the fire, he would visit us in the course of the following week, it being probable, from their exposure, some might take ague, and need assistance.

Being at Olympus, I availed myself of the opportunity to buy a few articles for the new house at the stores; not, however, such a load, as to be a burden in the carrying even to me; and after passing the night there, we returned homeward at an early hour in the morning. Light, however, as I had thought the bundle, it was soon found to be heavy enough, for the day proved remarkably warm; and although Charles and I took spell and spell about with it, we were glad often to rest. This threw it far into the night before we reached the skirts of Babelmandel.

Our journey, but for the burden, had been easy and pleasant, particularly in the afternoon, which was beautifully cloudless and calm, and the air in the evening was refreshed with a gentle breeze, only sufficient to stir the leaves softly, and to give the coolness circulation. The moon was up before we arrived at the cleared land near the town, and shed through the openings

and glades of the forest long streams of her serene light, the effect of which, as they fell on the scattered skeletons of the burnt trees, filled the imagination with superstitious phantasies, and begat a dread in despite of reason.

As we approached the shanty, I discovered a light, which did not surprise, but it grieved me, for I augured from it that the child's sufferings had not been mitigated. As we, however, drew near, I saw it was at a short distance from the shanty, under a large elm, which then stood near the spot where the rivulet falls into the river, and that there was no one in the shanty but Robin, with his arm under his head, asleep; to which, poor lad, he had, no doubt, been soundly invited by his day's hard labour.

The candle was burning in a niche, scooped for the purpose, in the trunk of the elm, and between us and it I discerned a small rude shed, covered with bark, forming a canopy over a little bed covered with a white towel. My child was dead, and her mother, with the other two sorrowful girls, were sitting in the shadow of the tree, watching the corpse, and wearying for my return.

As I came close up to them, two men, armed with guns, came from behind the tree. Ami-

'dab Peters was one, and a settler, whom I did not know, the other. After speaking a few words of condolence to my wife, I expressed my surprise to Amidab at seeing him there at that time of night and armed, thanking both him and his companion for their attention, and saying, I would watch the remainder of the night myself.

"But one," said Amidab, "is not sufficient; it will require two, for we have already been twice scared."

"Scared!" cried I, "by what? who have we to fear?"

"The wolves," replied the stranger, "they scent the dead afar off. We had not been here more than ten minutes, when one looked at us from the other side of the rivulet; we saw him plainly in the moonshine, and scarcely had we frightened him off, when we heard another howling from the opposite bank of the river."

The courteous reader must be a parent, and find feelings in his own heart, to enable him to judge of mine at hearing this. I could make no reply; a hoop, as it were, of burning iron, engirded my temples; my knees so trembled, that I almost fell to the ground, and I was not seated many minutes beside the frightened

and afflicted mother, when a fiery anguish was kindled in my back, and inexpressible pains in my limbs; in less than half an hour, the symptoms increasing, I was seized, and shaking with a terrible fit of the cruel and indiscriminating ague.

CHAPTER VII.

Old and grey-hair'd, a humbled, weary man;
What other task befits these trembling limbs?

AFTER the ague fit had gone off, I obtained some refreshing sleep, and awoke in the morning with no other consciousness of malady than a slight degree of languor: it amounted to nothing more. In the course of the day my dear child was buried, and we spent the afternoon in worship and resignation. On Monday we again rose early to our labour, and our work proceeded cheerily; but for upwards of a fortnight I had a return every third day of the nauseous and depressing ague, which so impaired my strength, that I began to lose my relish of life. My arms, which were never strong, became almost powerless, and I often wept from weakness.

At last our new house was finished; less completely so than the first temple, but still it was

a place of refuge,—it was home; and, as soon as we were fairly in possession, we cast about us, and began to make it so indeed. My health, about the same time, improved, so that towards the end of October, when the public works of the settlement were suspended for the season, we were in some condition to encounter the winter without dread.

The long nights and the wet weather, in which no man could work, set me to reflect on the melancholy want we were in of a schoolmaster. I had thought of it often before, but it pressed stronger and stronger for consideration, when I saw my two industrious sons hanging listlessly on the wet days over the fire, and the evenings wasted in unprofitable conversations. Sometimes I thought of addressing the Agent with a petition on the subject, signed by the generality of the inhabitants, begging his mediation with the speculators for some help to pay one; at others, I proposed to call a public meeting, to see what could be done among ourselves in the way of subscription.

One Sabbath morning, as I was ruminating in my walk on this great and grave concern, it came into my head, that if Mr. Herbert, the solitary man, could be induced to take up a school, he

was the very sort of person we stood in need of. For mildness of manners he was not to be surpassed, and he had a superiority in his appearance which could not but secure to him the awe and affection of his scholars, to say nothing of the reverence of their parents, which, among such an omnium gatherum as the inhabitants of a new settlement, is essential, and not to be obtained without steadiness of conduct, as well as intelligence and abilities.

That same day I sought out his little hut, and, the door being open, I freely entered. He was sitting forlorn, in a rude arm-chair of his own construction, with a Prayer-book of the Church of England in his hand; he seemed to be much pleased to see me, and thanked me with a gentlemanly cordiality for favouring him with a visit.

I then began to lament to him the state of the settlement, in respect to education, and to express my own great anxiety lest my children should be doomed to the ignorance of the Backwoodsmen, whose offspring, in the course of the third generation, are scarcely equal to the savage Indians in knowledge, and far below them in morality; finally, I inquired if he thought it would suit him, instead of the hard toil of

a chopper, which, at his time of life, was really beyond his strength, to undertake the management of a school.

His answer was delivered with a modest dignity, as I had expected it would be.

"In respect to the qualification," said he, "as far as all the learning which I may be called to teach, and perhaps even to something more, I think the undertaking not beyond my power to compass: but every business has its peculiar methods; and being a bachelor, I have had no experience in the character of children: I will, however, be candid with you; more than once the idea of keeping school has occurred to myself, for I am too old for the woodman's toil, and, in the course of nature, not many years, nay, months, can pass, until I shall be incapable of using the hatchet."

I was rejoiced to hear this, and we immediately began to consider of the means of bringing the speculation to bear. It was agreed that I should in the morning go with him among the settlers, and after we had ascertained what number of children were likely to be sent to school, that I should then canvass three or four of the most sedate and sagacious of the fathers for a council, to arrange the terms, and

to take what other steps might seem to be necessary to bring the undertaking to a proper head. In proposing this method, I was moved by two reasons—first, I discerned, from what came out in conversation, that the chief cause of his diffidence, was some delicacy as to the remuneration; and therefore, to spare him from any bargaining with individuals, I proposed that it should be left to the council to fix the rate; and second, I thought the council would be a fence to him in the exercise of his just prerogatives; for in all stations of life, weak and fond parents are to be found, who think it tenderness to be sparing of the rod with their obstreperous children. The reader will, no doubt, discern in this some of the leaven I had brought out of the Society of the Friends of the People; be that, however, as it may, the design answered to a miracle, for on the next night we assembled in my house a council of old, decent, bald-headed fathers, that for gravity of countenance, and solidity of understanding, were worthy of places in the cabinets of kings, nor had one of those who met on that occasion ever cause to repent the part he took in what was then deliberated. We fixed the rate of wages at two dollars a quarter, and in

two days after Mr. Herbert was installed in a large shanty, till a proper loghouse could be raised by the community, monarch of the ABC, with a rod of merciful dimensions for a sceptre, and no fewer than three-and-fifty beardless subjects.

This affair, which many may think has been magnified overmuch, was yet of the deepest interest to the prosperity of our children, and to the reputation of the settlement. Where, in all the Union, are any such well-conducted and intelligent young men to be found as those of Babelmandel? and where, indeed, such a teacher as Mr. Herbert? Nor was it amongst the least of my pleasures, in afterwards reflecting on the part I had taken in establishing the school, that I had thereby contributed to gild the evening of life to so good a man.

CHAPTER VIII.

Mildly the sun upon the loftiest trees
Shed mellowly a sloping beam.

FOR some time after the establishment of the school, I met with no particular instance of good or bad fortune. The clearing on my farm, as well as the girdling of the trees, had proceeded so well, that by the beginning of November, when I paid off Amidab Peters for his job, four acres were in crop, and five or six girdled and chopped, the whole making one of the best clearings in the township, although I was among the latest to begin, so that I had good cause to be satisfied with my prospects, and no reason to repent of having become a settler at Babelmandel.

But as it would be harmful to the earth if it were ever summer and sunshine, so would it be prejudicial to man if fortune were ever smiling. It is necessary for our contentation

that we should now and then be reminded by a blast or a shower that all we possess is precarious; and therefore, although I acknowledge that at this epoch the comforts of my lot were meted in a large measure, the courteous reader must not imagine I was spared from the wonted cares and anxieties of an inhabitant of the bush, for truly I had my trials.

For some days, about the middle of November, we had a delicious enjoyment of the Indian summer; it was later than usual in the season, but for that it was the more delightful, especially as it had been preceded by cold, showery, blustering weather.

Every one felt, in the temperance of the air, as if a palpable tranquillity had been effused abroad; a visible softness overspread the face of things, and a pleasing shadowiness filled the woods. The sun, veiled with the dim haze, gleamed like an opal stone, and looked down with the indolent eye of a voluptuary content with enjoyment.

One of those calm and beautiful days happened to be a Sunday, and the settlement not having that day been visited by a preacher of any persuasion, the young men walked into the

woods; among the rest, my two sons, who went together.

They had not proceeded far, when Charles, always brisk and alert, was allured from his brother by the appearance of a deer bounding by, which he pursued with his natural eagerness and impetuosity. His brother, not apprehending the slightest danger, sauntered by himself along the skirts of the village, and returned home alone at our customary dinner-hour. The absence of Charles did not, however, much surprise us: we knew his thoughtlessness; I was only angry he should have had so little respect for the Sabbath as to hunt a wild beast. But towards sunset his mother's fears began to rise, and I grew myself so uneasy, that we thought it advisable to give the alarm in time; this was soon done, and the whole settlement was presently a-foot with guns, and horns, and women shouting and making a noise.

We spread ourselves in all directions, some firing the guns, some blowing the horns, and some calling the poor lad by name; but no sound was responded. As it became dark, my anxiety grew to agony; we kindled fires, we seized burning brands from them, which we

waved in the air, and redoubled the noises all without effect. I began to fear he had not only wandered, but that some calamity had befallen him; and under this apprehension I pressed forward to the van of the whole party, till I could only see the glimmering of the fiery circles far behind; at last the horns and the firing ceased, by which I knew the lost sheep was found, and hastened back, resolved to rebuke him severely for the trouble and anxiety he had caused.

Gradually the lights, one by one, disappeared, the sound of the voices died away, and after several ineffectual endeavours to cross a small cedar swamp, I found myself completely at fault; by perseverance, however, I escaped from the swamp, but in what direction then to choose my path was the question. The interwoven boughs over head, though leafless, excluded the view of the skies; even could they have been penetrated, every star was so shut up in thick darkness, that the heavens afforded no guide.

A strange confusion of mind and terror fell upon me, my right-hand became as it were my left; I was lost — I ran wildly forward till a prostrate tree or cradle heap threw me down;

soon after I plunged up to the middle in a marsh, then I came to the bank of a stream which I had not passed; its width and depth were unknown. Incapable of imagining what course I ought to take, worn out and throbbing with alarm at the idea of passing the night alone in the forest, I sat down on a rock, and for some time abandoned myself to fear.

When the panic had a little subsided I rose, and again walked to a considerable distance forward. I heard, as I thought, the shouting of the settlers in quest of me, I hastened towards them. I had never been so far out into the wilderness before; I soon discovered the sound was not human voices; I could not divine what it was; I thought surely I had taken the direction of Olympus, and that the noise must be the dam of the saw-mill in that neighbourhood. This gave something like hope, and my strength and courage were revived with the thought of being so near shelter.

Judge of my dismay, when on hastening on, I came to what I thought an opening in the wood, and found myself on the verge of a dreadful chasm, into which a great river was tumbling with a noise like the voice of the distant sea. I stood aghast at the danger into which I had

run; a few paces farther, and I had been dashed in pieces at the bottom of the chasm.

I became more alarmed than ever; this cataract was not known at the village; I was beyond all the land-marks that would have guided me by day. The return of the morning could promise no comfort, for I knew not in what direction to turn, and there was a weariness in my limbs that made farther travelling that night almost impossible; I was also so startled at finding myself so abruptly on the brink of destruction, that I was afraid to move a step from the spot where I halted; a bitter grief gathered at my heart, and instead of praying to Him by whom alone aid can be given, I cursed the hour of my birth. Deserted of all fortitude, I wept and wrung my hands, I thought of my young family helpless in the wilderness, and of all the adversities which had of late befallen me.

When this paroxysm passed off, and I could more calmly consider my dangerous situation, I began to reflect that the river before me could be no other than the same which flowed by Babelmandel, and that as my strength was exhausted, I ought to rest where I was until day-

break, when I should follow down the course of the current to the town. It is wonderful the effect this rational reflection had in calming my perturbation; I sat down on the ground, and leaning back against a tree, soon fell asleep, without once thinking of wolves. I did not, however, forget the snakes; but I thought they were then coiled up and snug in their winter quarters.

But the mildness of the weather had a preternatural influence upon them, and I was awoke about daybreak with an unaccountable weight on my bosom, which caused me to start and jump up, when lo! a monstrous garter-snake, between three and four feet long, fell from me. It was, however, so stiff, for the morning air was raw and cold, that I soon fulfilled the words of Scripture on it, by bruising its head flat with my heel.

The rest, such as it was, had so well refreshed me, that I proceeded, as I had determined, to follow the course of the river; but I had not walked far, when the guns and horns were heard approaching, and presently some of the settlers came in view. They had been out in quest of me all night, to the number of more

than seven hundred persons, and were beginning to fear I was lost for ever. It may, therefore, be easily supposed what a joy and revelry my re-appearance occasioned, and with what triumphing and shouting they conducted me home.

CHAPTER IX.

It fortuned, out of the thickest wood,
A ramping lion rushed suddenly,
Hunting full greedy after savage blood.

SHORTLY after my adventure, I was agreeably surprised by a visit from our old friend and uncle, Mr. Hoskins. It was not altogether unexpected, but it had come to pass a little earlier than we reckoned upon; the room intended for him not being then quite finished. However, we were all happy at the meeting, and as he had himself been a rough settler in the woods of Vermont, he was easily accommodated, and looked upon apologies as superfluities.

Although he said nothing himself on the subject, yet I soon perceived that his visit to Babelmandel was not dictated altogether by affection for his niece, my wife, and that in the journey he had an eye awake to number one. His latter specs had not proved such beneficial operations

as some of his earlier, and he had improved his farm in Vermont quite as much as it was worth while to do, considering the limited market in his neighbourhood; in a word, he was inclined to sell his betterments there, and embark in a new trade. He had, indeed, hinted as much to me when I originally proposed to come into the Genesee country, so that the purpose of his visit was with a view to both or either of these objects.

The first afternoon we spent in jocose temperance. I rehearsed to him all the adventures of our voyage and journey from New York, the tribulations we had suffered in the woods, and the prospect beginning to dawn around us, with all which he was well pleased; but when I proposed to accompany him next morning over the settlement, he said—

"No: I guess Squire Lawrie talks too much —when a man 's amaking calculations his company ain't partikler precious, and flashing in the pan scares ducks. The gentleman will 'scuse me."

I certainly did not think this was very civilized, but he was in all things a plain spoken man, and had proved the sincerity of his friendship by five hundred silver reasons, so I did

not answer him just so tartly as my inclination at the time prompted.

Next morning he rose at an early hour, and went out by himself, and when he had returned and had taken breakfast, he remained a considerable space of time, ruminating and smoking in silence. Having finished one cigar, and taken out another, he drew his chair close to mine, as he twisted off the end of it, and said—

"Well, I ain't agoing to be 'quivocal, but to speak sheer to the point. When Squire Lawrie shall have made all tight, right, and clear on his location, will he then turn cordwainer and make trampers?"

"My dear Sir," exclaimed I, "what puts such a thing in your head? I never bored a hole with an elsin in my life."

By this time he had lighted his cigar, and giving a puff, he coolly inquired, without noticing my reply, "Will the gentleman make coatees and straw-hats?"

"Gude guide us, Mr. Hoskins! what do you mean?"

"Will he keep a tavern?"

"Me keep a public, Mr. Hoskins?"

"Then if you don't," said he, giving a cool methodical puff, "the devil may spit brimstone

on you by the gallon, if you ain't as flat as the walls of Jerico, either as a dead or a ruined duck, before thunder sours my wife's beer in June after next. Look ye, Squire, this 'ere land of yours ain't a farm in Jersey State—I allow that—but this Babelmandel town ha'n't got nothing for trade."

"Well," replied I, eagerly discerning something of his meaning; "well, what then?"

"Cockles and crabfish! sha'n't you starve?"

"But I'm no feart," was my answer, in a light manner, "for I have been making my calculations too."

I then expounded to him that I was sensible the land I had taken was not enough to bring up a family upon, but that I had seen from the beginning I could revive my seed business to great advantage; for the country around was fast settling, and seeds would be in request, so that with them, and implements of agriculture, I reckoned my chance pretty fair. Moreover, I intended to send one of the boys to learn store-keeping, and the other to be a millwright.

While I was thus explaining to him my views and intentions, he looked all the time very steadily at me with the tail of his eye; and at

the conclusion, without taking the cigar from his lips, he said—

"Well, I have heard more folly;" and putting his hand on my knee, and looking up in my face, he added, "I guess the Squire will do yet, for I 'gin to reckon his head ain't a pumpkin; and now that I see how the cat jumps, I won't be asitting on the fence no longer."

By this I could perceive he had some intention of making me a proposal of business, inasmuch as sitting on the fence means looking on in neutrality from a rail at others fighting.

Just as we were in this conjuncture of our discourse, a great shout arose out of doors, which caused us to rise hastily to see what was the matter, thinking from the noise, both of men and dogs, that probably a deer had shown itself in the village, and was trying to regain the woods. But scarcely had we looked out, when, lo! a most tremendous he-bear hove in sight, rushing straight towards us, with eyes like burning coals, and its white tusks terrible to see. I ran for an axe, the boys for the guns, and Mr. Hoskins armed himself with a great balk, that was to be a rafter in the addition we were making to the house,—the dreadful crea-

ture still coming furiously on, grumbling as hoarsely as an earthquake, the settlers pursuing him with axes, and bludgeons, and muskets.

We placed ourselves behind the corner of the house as he came raging along; the boys fired at the same time, but did no execution. Mr. Hoskins, with the rafter, struck him such a vehement blow, that it ought to have broken his back, but it only served to make him fiercer. He turned on the old man, hugged him in his paws,—another similar embrace, and he had squeezed the soul out of his body. Luckily, however, I had the axe, with which I houghed the brute at one stroke, as if it had been an Irish cow, and laid him down on his side sprawling, leaving Mr. Hoskins free. By this time the pursuers had come up, and they having finished the work, were preparing to carry off the carcase to skin it; but the old man recovering from his alarm, though he was still writhing on the ground, called to them to desist, for the skin of right belonged to him; and turning to me, he added, "Well, I guess 'at 'ere creeter was the powerful'st thing ever had hold of me: it was ridiculous strong."

CHAPTER X.

He'll sell for a pack-horse,
What can he else?—Adversity is with him.

FROM the time Mr. Hoskins came to Babelmandel the weather had been very bad, even for the season; scarcely a day passed without violent storms of wind and rain; the hugest trees were thrown down, and the roads so flooded, that travelling was, in a manner, suspended. He was in consequence obliged to stay with us much longer than he had originally intended; indeed this must have been the case had the weather been ever so fine, for he suffered so severely from the grasps of the he-bear, that I was apprehensive he had sustained some deadly inward injury. It proved, however, not so, though he was much hurt; for by the time the snow began to appear, he was able to walk about, and he spoke of returning to Vermont.

In the mean time we had pretty well assorted

our ideas about a joint concern in a small seed and notion store. He was to advance five hundred dollars to enable me to furnish it, and a prospect soon opened of doing so with great advantage, as I shall presently relate.

I have already informed the courteous reader that Olympus was injudiciously located in a swampy hollow—and that for some time before my arrival there it had ceased, as the settlers said, to progress. No new inhabitants came, and many of those who had been enticed to it at the commencement of the settlement, were then talking of changing. In fact, it was plainly ordained to be soon a wastage; for the houses received no repair; few windows, if any in the town, had a whole pane in them. It was a puzzle to imagine where the old hats were all found that served as substitutes for glass.

Among others of the Olympians who had determined to leave the place in the spring, with the intention of returning to Utica, was one Ezra Quincey Nackets, who kept both store and tavern. He had all the summer and autumn been afflicted with the ague, and was much out of heart with every worldly thing.

One day while conversing with Mr. Hoskins, on the ensuing abandonment of Olympus town,

I happened to mention that I thought if we went warily and betimes about the work, we might make a good operation with Mr. Nackets, who was in no spirit to stand the controversies of business, and I doubted not, would be willing to swap the goods in his store on easy terms. This led us to sift the condition of his circumstances, and it was agreed we should try to obtain an inkling of his views and expectations.

In this affair it was determined that before leaving us, Mr. Hoskins should go to Olympus, and hold some discourse, in a quiet way, with neighbour Nackets on the subject; but the aches and ails which he still suffered from the fraternal squeeze of citizen Bruin, rendered the undertaking rather incommodious, so that, after waiting a week, and holding some farther counselling, it was finally arranged that I should go to Olympus and heave the lead.

Accordingly, taking advantage of the first fine day, I set out in Mr. Hoskins's waggon, with his span of horses, omnipotent creatures, as he called them, which he had brought with him to sell, if he could. Considering the state of the roads at that period of the year, it might have been thought I would have gone on horseback; but I was as to riding like the Irish gen-

tleman, who doubted if he could play on the fiddle, never having tried it. But, if it had not been for the brag of saying I had travelled in a waggon, I might as well have gone on shanks naigie, for we had two capsizes before we got to the end of our day's journey, and when I did at last reach Olympus, my hips and knees were both black and blue, and I could scarcely lift a limb. The he-bear had not made uncle Hoskins sorer.

I put up at Nacket's tavern for the convenience of falling into conversation with him, when an opportunity might offer in the course of the evening; but after I had warmed myself at the bar-room fire, and had taken some refreshment, I felt myself so tired and battered that I was obliged to forego my intent, and retire for the night. Luckily it was I did so, for the hand of Providence was soon made manifest in assisting me.

The chamber into which I was shown for the night, was a large room in the upper part of the house, a mason-lodge, adorned with the emblems and ensigns of the craft. It contained twelve beds, six along each side, with but small spaces between, and was altogether an uncomfortable-looking dormitory, especially to a man

who had been used to the privacy of his own house.

As there was apparently no other guest that night in the tavern, I had my choice of the beds, and I selected one in a snug corner behind the door, across the foot of which I made a screen with my clothes, on a pair of winter dykes, so that I was in a sense almost as much apart from the general commonage of the chamber, as if I had been in a separate room.

I had not been long under the blankets, when I fell asleep; how long I remained in that state were hard to tell; it must, however, have been some considerable time, for when I awoke two persons were conversing near me. They occupied two of the beds opposite to the foot of mine, and were earnestly discussing a matter of business, which I soon discovered was near akin to that which had brought myself there.

As I was placed in a position to hear them without any seeking or curiosity of mine, I could not but hearken to what they were saying, and I gathered from it, that Mr. Nackets was straitened, as they had some reason to believe, for ready money, and would be likely to sell his store-goods cheap, rather than swap or trade them. This news, though interesting, was yet

not very pleasant, for it was part of my business to negotiate a swap of Mr. Hoskins's omnipotent horses for some of the goods, and he valued them at one hundred and eighty dollars.

Having heard in this providential manner how Mr. Nackets was situated, as well as of divers other matters useful to my purposes, I resolved to rise early in the morning, and to try what hand I could make of him before the two strangers were stirring. This I accordingly did, and found him dejectedly swinging on his chair at the door-cheek, just as the sun was peeping though the top boughs of the woods. I did not, however, go sheer at him—no, catch me at that—I had been too long in Yankee-land not to keep to windward—steering a moderate and methodical course.

I told him honestly, that having heard he was about to quit Olympus, and was willing to dispose of his goods on easy terms, I was half-minded to deal with him, but was not overly abundant in cash. He thereupon began to complain of Olympus, wishing he had never seen it; and with the disheartened spirit of an invalid as he was, the thought of carrying his goods back to Utica, was a load above the burden on his mind. I then gently hinted at

the fine horses which Mr. Hoskins had consigned to me for sale, and how convenient they would be with the light waggon to carry him and his family to Utica, where, it could not be doubted, he might sell them to great advantage—and so we proceeded gradually, nearer and nearer at every turn of our talk, until we were fairly at close quarters. For I saw the poor man was dismayed with apprehensions, and I made it my endeavour to cheer him, in which I so happily succeeded, that in the end, he was convinced he could not do better than take the span of horses at two hundred and ten dollars' valuation, and the waggon at seventy-five, as part payment for five hundred dollars' worth of dry goods, axes, and agricultural implements. And to make a clean job, we settled that he should come with me to Babelmandel, with a waggon-load of the articles, and there receive the balance of the money.

This operation, when I explained to Mr. Hoskins the particulars, was in all points so satisfactory to the old gentleman, that he commended my dexterity in the management, as something extraordinary and beyond his expectations.

CHAPTER XI.

Life hath its changes like the weather too,
Cares match cold days as storms do controversies.

Mr. Hoskins, after the purchase I had made from Mr. Nackets, became less anxious to return home. He saw, as he often said, "the settlement was agoing to do," and his intention of moving to it from Vermont when he could get his farm there sold, was every time we conversed on the subject more and more strengthened. We agreed, however, not to open store regularly, before the spring, when we should have a proper place constructed, and a right assortment of goods laid in; at the same time we thought it would be as well, not absolutely to abstain from supplying the settlers who could pay ready money for such articles as we then had. Thus it came to pass, that he stayed with us till the snow fell, with the

first of which he set out in a sleigh to bring Mrs. Hoskins, and to dispose of his land and betterments. He had no children, and about this time he began to speak of leaving the bulk of his property to my family, if they should happen to survive himself and wife.

He had not, however, left us above three or four days, when symptoms of a change began to appear in the settlement. So long as the public works, roads, clearings, &c. undertaken by the speculators had continued to give employment and wages to the settlers, every thing went on prosperously, and even for some time after the seasonable suspension, no visible diminution of their contentment and industry was discernible. But the savings of their wages were at last exhausted; the severity of the winter caused a greater outlay among them for clothes than the most provident were prepared for, and so general was the distress in consequence, that the Agent grew seriously alarmed, lest the settlement should be broken up.

In this crisis, one day when he came to see how we were getting on, he entered my house, and familiarly taking a stool by the fire, spoke to me of his anxieties, pointing out how detri-

mental any considerable desertion would be to the speculation, especially following so close upon the heels of the failure at Olympus.

I sympathised with him, but I was naturally more affected by the description he gave me of the condition of several poor families he had just visited, lamenting his inability to afford them adequate assistance. Here, thought I, is an end of the golden dreams that I and Mr. Hoskins have been dreaming. I said nothing, however, of my fears to him, but continued to discuss with him the means of remedying the present evil. He was deeply perplexed, and saw great difficulties in every suggestion. In short, the occasion was above his management, and he as much as confessed it was so.

At last, I happened to observe, that if he would send in a supply of provisions to the village, there would be less cause for anxiety as to other necessaries, and these might be distributed and charged on account against those who received them, till they had time to wipe off the debt by their labour in the summer. This notion consorted with his own, and before he left the village, it was agreed that I should take charge of the distribution when the provisions arrived.

I have been the more particular in mention-

ing this trifling casualty, as it may seem, because out of it, mustard seed, as it may well be likened to, sprung the great tree of my subsequent prosperity. For in the distribution I acquitted myself so much to the purpose, giving all satisfaction, both to the settlers and the agent, that it came to pass, as will in due time be mentioned in the sequel, I received from him a permanent trust which redounded both to my credit and profit. It was a business, nevertheless, not to be coveted by the pitiful and humane; for many of the settlers had numerous families of little children, and it was plain to see that it would be long before they could pay their debts: it was indeed a heart-breaking thing to send away in a bitter cold morning, small weeping and shivering bairns, with the bags empty that they had brought, poor things, to get a modicum of flour for their breakfasts.

A grievance of another kind, a spiritual hunger, fell upon us about the same time. While the roads were bad, we saw but seldom either priest or preacher; but when the sleighing began, we had one every Sunday, and sometimes two. I cannot say that I thought much either of their doctrine or their orthodoxy; con-

sidering, however, that we were like Elijah in the wilderness, it behoved us to be thankful for the food the ravens brought to us; at least, it would have been far from me to have complained, for I regarded the occasional visit of a clergyman as having a salutary influence on the minds of the people, estranged as we were from the jurisdiction of laws and magistrates.

But it was not so among the settlers in general; they began to have their favourites, and schisms arose among them, and controversies grew to such a pitch, that among other calamities we were weekly threatened with a holy war: all this gave the agent and the better order of settlers much molestation, and they were pleased to say, had it not been for my temperate handling, they did not know what the upshot of such an unruly spirit might have been.

In that business I had, however, but small merit; all I did was to speak quietly to the wives when they came for their provisions, advising them to smooth the birsses of their husbands, when they saw them rising in argument about points of doctrine, assuring them that in due season we should have a church of our own, and a proper and well-educated divine to comfort us. But although this served to miti

gate the contentions, it did not entirely quench them; some of the men spoke as if they had been brought up at the footstool of Gamaliel, and were fain to have it laid down as a law, that when our church was built we should have a preacher who would please every body. Altogether, that first winter, what with the distress, the discomforts of our houses, and these religious carpings, the fruit of idleness, was verily a season of tribulation. Nor was it so in generalities only, but likewise in particulars, and I and my house had our full share of the dispensation.

CHAPTER XII.

He was a man, take him for all in all,
I ne'er shall look upon his like again.

DURING the working season, the settlers appeared singularly alike in character. I could observe nothing in those upon the road to whom I acted as Boss, by which one man could be distinguished from another, save a little more alacrity and good-humour in some than in others; but as the season advanced, peculiarities became more evident, and several who had attracted no attention while employed, proved in their leisure quite a different sort of people to what I had set them down for. One man in particular, whom I thought a well-disposed, industrious creature, grew a perfect pest. It is not in the power of tongue or pen to describe the trouble that man, John Waft, gave me; not that there was any evil inclination about him, for, to speak the plain truth, he was

only a pawkie, well-meaning bodie; but he neither could see, nor do any thing whatever, without breaking in upon my time to summer and winter about it.

He was a queer, odd-looking, west-country Scotchman, past the middle of life, a little, I should say, declined into the vale of years. In his general appearance, as to dress, he was somewhat more respectable than the condition of his means, poor man, altogether justified; but it was a token of the consideration in which he had been held among his neighbours at home, and evinced a desire to be well thought of by his new acquaintance.

It could not be said he was a very sensible man; indeed, the cause of my taking notice of him here was his want of sense: he proved such a thorn in my side! But he had a way of looking up from beneath his brows, and the brim of his hat, and came so whisperingly about his purposes, that, until he was found out by experience, most people imagined he possessed a creditable depth of judgment: they often, however, afterwards wondered what had become of it.

The first time I had a taste of his character was shortly after Mr. Hoskins had left us, some

three or four days it might be. He came in the twilight, in a jocose, familiar way, and gradually, as we were discoursing of this and that together, drew his seat nearer and nearer to mine.

"Mr. Todd," said he, patting me gently on the arm, as he bent forward so as to occupy my ear, though only my wife and our two daughters were present, and busy with their household thrift; "Mr. Todd, I would fain have a solid crack with you concerning a something that has been long on my mind, for I look upon you as a wiselike man, and of a capacity to give advice in a case of jeopardy."

I replied, it was pleasant to hear he had so good an opinion of me, and that I was inclined at all time to serve and assist my neighbours to the best of any small ability I possessed either of head or hand.

"Then, what would ye think of my taking up a wee bit shoppie—no' a store with a world of a' things, like what I hear you and Mr. Hoskins have pactioned to open in the spring, but just a convenience in a corner, as a bodie may?"

This, it must be allowed, was a trial of my candour; and really, to confess the truth, I was

disposed to have peppered my answer. However, a soft word is best when it can be given; so I honestly told him, that I did think a small store of the kind he proposed might be serviceable both to himself and the settlement, managed with prudence and discernment.

"I'm sure," said he, "ye lay me under a great obligation for the hint, and I'll certainly follow your advice."

"Nay, nay, Mr. Waft," cried I, in a terror, "ye'll no' make me responsible in the matter; I gave you no hint, and as to advising you to enter into a business that may hurt my own, I'm not so destitute of discretion."

"It's a misunderstanding, Mr. Todd, it's a misunderstanding," said he, "and I'm concernt for't; but don't be alarmed, for how could I think of rivalling a man of your abilities, even had I the means, as I have not? The world, however, is wide enough for us both, and neither will get more in it than our ordained fortunes."

This was so like a moderate and sensible observation, that I was vexed with myself for having been so tart with him, which caused me to soften and become more condescending. We then conversed for some time on general topics,

and especially on the prospects of the settlement.

"Ay," said he; "talking of that, if I may be so bold as to inquire in the way of cordiality and friendship, what do you think, Mr. Todd, would be the most advantageous assortment of goods for me to lay in for my proposed bit shoppie?"

"I would be thankful to know that myself," replied I; "and to be plain with you, if I did, I would not tell you."

"To be sure, you are under no obligation," was his answer; "but I did not mean any thing for a store, I was only going to inquire if you would advise a judicious selection of spiders and frying-pans."

"I would advise a judicious selection of every thing," was all I could say, my temper beginning to be a little crisp, for spiders and frying-pans formed no inconsiderable portion of the spec I had made with neighbour Nackets, at Olympus.

"It 's really most encouraging," said he, "to be so countenanced by a man of your experience and discernment, Mr. Todd; but don't you think I might venture on a dozen or two of shovels and spades, and as many axes?"

Was ever such impudence heard of? It almost took away my breath, for, saving six casks of nails, a few locks and hinges, together with two bales of blankets, and a crate of crockeryware, these were the very articles I had bought from Mr. Nackets, and upon which I considered the penny was likeliest to be soonest and easiest turned. But he was not yet done.

"What would you think," he added, "of my ordering a bale of blankets, a cask or two of nails, and a few locks and hinges? No house, ye ken, can be made habitable without them."

At this turn of the conversation, I chanced to recollect how I had been trepanned, and my brains stolen, by Mr. Finhorn, the Aberdonian haddock, as I should call him; and I could no longer endure such meddling. The senseless bodie however, crowned all, by saying—

"I see, Mr. Todd, ye're no in a disposition the night to be cordial. I'm sure all thought of offence was far from me, but I was curious to hear what sort of articles ye had bought from Mr. Nackets, and having now a good guess of what they are, I'll trouble you no farther for the present. Ye need not, however, be afraid; I have no intention of setting up an opposition store; I just propounded the project that I

might expiscate some kind of satisfaction to my curiosity."

Was there ever such a bodie! To be all the time making a fool of me, and I never to suspect him, which shows the danger of talking with persons who have not common sense. I never could think of him afterwards and keep my temper, and yet it was permitted that he should afflict me many days, as I shall have often enough cause to relate.

CHAPTER XIII.

These honours
Lose half their worth by being shared with him.

BEFORE the rigour of the winter began to relent, and the snow to slip away at the gentle coming of the spring, I had many opportunities of observing the character and disposition of the settlers among whom my lot was cast, and it was often the cause of heavy thoughts to me, in the meditations of my solitary walks, to see how the habits of orderliness which many had brought with them, were daily slackening.

In Mr. Herbert, who was prospering in his school to the fullest extent of every reasonable expectation, we had obtained a great blessing; but the gracious influences of his calm and excellent methods reached not beyond the children: we still required a voice of authority among the parents; not that flagrant offences prevailed, but every one did too much accord-

ing to the pleasure of his own will. The men were growing more coarse and familiar in their language than consisted with decorum ; and the women took less heed, both of their appearance and apparel, than betokened a wholesome sense of propriety.

This falling off, so visible in the do-well-enough expedients of the slatternly days of winter, either was not visible, or had not been heeded during the fine weather; but before the frost broke up, it was too plain that the corrosion which roughens the inhabitants of the backwoods, was beginning to show itself amongst us.

For some time, I thought it was owing to the lack of magistrates, and stirred with the agent of the settlement to get a justice of the peace appointed; but a difficulty arose which I had not foreseen, never having, till this period, meddled in political matters. I had imagined, that by the help of a good recommendation, and a fair character, no objection would be made, in such a needful case as ours, to an appointment of me, or some other sober character; but it turned out, that justices of the peace could only be made through the instrumentality of the supervisors of the towns, and judges

of the county courts; so that at this time, no supervisor having been appointed for Babelmandel, and as the agent and the majority of the judges were pulling opposite ends of the political rope, in the presidential question, my stirring was of no avail.

I then proposed, that the settlers themselves should elect one or two discreet members of our own community to act as magistrates, till the lawful time should come round for the election of a supervisor; and, after a good deal of practising in the old way on such occasions, I and that bodie John Waft were chosen. Little did I think, while I was so zealously exerting myself *pro bono publico*, that I was building a pedestal for the exaltation of him: I have never felt such a wet blanket before or since syne, as was thrown upon my pride, when I heard who had been elected my colleague. I was really half determined not to act with him; and it may be guessed what I had to expect during our co-magistracy, by what took place the very first night.

In the evening, as I was sitting with my family around the fire, hearing the children repeat their lessons, there came a canny knuckle knocking at the door, so gentle, that it was not

at first noticed. Being, however, repeated, one of the girls opened the door, and who should look in, with his two little twinkling eyes glimmering in the glimpse of the light from under his brows and the brim of his hat, but neighbour Waft?

"May I come in?" said he; for by this time he began to suspect that I had not just such a high opinion of him as he was fain I should entertain.

"Just as ye like, Mr. Waft," was my dry answer; so he came forward slouchingly, yet queerly smiling, and turning round, he warily shut the door, for it was a cold night.—He began, taking at the same time a seat—

"Weel, Mr. Todd, this is a dreadful story they have gotten up concerning you and me."

"And who's they?" said I.

"The whole town," quoth he.

"Ay! and what's the story?"

"Ye'll may be no' like to hear 't."

"To be sure, it's no' pleasant to hear the ill that's said of us behind our backs; but what is 't?"

"It's thought, you know, that you and me are not on such good terms as we ought to be."

"Not possible! I have always thought we were on better."

"Ah, that's the cause o't: ye will ha'e your jokes, come what come may—yes, ye're a funny man—oh, but ye are very funny, Mr. Todd."

Was it not dreadful to hear, and be obliged to endure, such provocative language? But, to turn the course of his impertinence, I said somewhat tartly, "Well, but what is this story!"

"For my part," replied the teasing plague, "I just laughed at it; and I hope, Mr. Todd, ye'll have command of temper enough to be able to do the same, with the help of an endeavour, for really it's not worth while to be vexed about. There are just two things a man should never be angry at—what he can help, and what he cannot help: now neither you nor me can help what the world chooses to say of us."

It was hardly possible to endure this before my family; but the worst of it was, that although it made me as quick as a gunpowder cracker, it tickled my wife to such a degree, that she began to smile, for she was naturally of a sedate, New-England quietude of disposition, and it was not a little that moved her to merriment.

"Well, well," said I peevishly, "we're not

all philosophers like you, Mr. Waft: but what is this tale of trash?"

Upon which he threw a cunning wink at my wife, and putting his head close to mine, without looking at me, save out of the corner of his queer e'e, he said, as it were in a whisper, but loud enough for every one in the house to hear,

"They say I have been elected for fun, to keep you in hot water. What do you think of that?" giving me at the same time such a whack on the back as almost took my breath away, and set both my wife and all my children a laughing. However, I so restrained myself as to say, with a kind of jocularity, "I would have liked it better had it been a little softer."

After this specimen of my colleague's sense and manners, it was not to be expected we should work very happily together. But I was not to be driven from a useful purpose because of the ill choice of the settlers; for whether he was elected by accident or in derision, could not change the causes which had moved me to set the election on foot. So, although I was a good deal chagrined by his familiarity, I yet put the best face I could on it, and joined in the laugh, but it was with a husky throat.

CHAPTER XIV.

—— Want you a man
Experienced in the world and its affairs?
Here he is for your purpose.

In the course of a few days after the election, Mr. Hoskins and his wife, with a great cargo of wares and other notions in their waggons, arrived from Vermont. They had been upwards of three weeks on the road, and the old lady had suffered greatly from the joltings of the crossways in the journey; nor had her husband endured less, but, being a man of few words, we heard less of it. I saw, however, that he moved with anguish, and was not for some days even disposed to enter into conversation, but went crippling about the door with his hand on his hip, uttering every now and then a sharp and peevish "Ah!"

At last, he said one morning, "This will not serve, we must set to work;" and then he told

me what he had brought for the store, having sold his farm and betterments to good advantage. Accordingly, the first thing to be done, was to get the town lot, which we had previously chosen in the area allotted for the market-place of the village, cleared, and to contract for the erection of a building suitable for a store. All this was soon done. In the course of less than a fortnight we were in possession, and furnishing ourselves with a goodly display of real articles, very different from the brick-bats and knobs of wood with which my first store in New York was so creditably adorned ; for Mr. Hoskins, as the reader already knows, was a man of true substance, and brought with him more than three thousand dollars' worth of excellent goods, selected with sagacity.

From the beginning of time, there had not been such a store as our's opened for many a mile around in the country, of which Babel-mandel was the centre; nor was it long till we felt the profitable effects of keeping back the merchandise, purchased at Olympus, for by so doing it caused the settlers to talk concerning us and our plans, and restrained many amongst them for sending for supplies elsewhere, and to hold off from buying until they should see

what our general assortments were likely to be. In short, it was soon evident that a bright morning had opened on me and mine, and that the difficulties I had met with in New York on my return from the farm in Jersey, were among the means which Providence had appointed to repair my condition, and to double the prosperity of my latter days, like as was done to the patient Patriarch of old. But unless the reader is an amateur of buying and selling, it would afford him but small pleasure to speak of the details of our proceedings across the counter; let it then suffice, that he knows I was content with my prospects, and if we were not making money like slate-stones, as the auld Scotch wife said, we were turning the penny.

It must have been observed, in the course of reading the foregoing pages, that I was what may be said, both in shifts and discernments, more of a town-man than a pastoral rustic. I was bred mechanical; my natural defects and infirmities gave me no capacity for superiority in controversies of strength. The arm of flesh was not mine, nor the vigour of comeliness in my looks, like as in those of Samson; but I was favoured, as many thought, with a discerning spirit, and thereby possessed an urbane

wisdom of great efficacy in managing men according to their own interest. Thus it came to pass, that as the business in the store continued to thrive, I took less and less heed of my farm of fifty acres: but I did not altogether neglect it; on the contrary, before the year was done, I began to look forward to it as a policy for the recreation of my leisure.

In this acknowledgment, the intelligent reader has received a hint that I was likely to take a part in the municipal proceedings of Babelmandel—as we would have said in other days, in the Society of the Friends of the People—which was the plain fact. The store became the rendezvous of the inhabitants; and, if statesmen could have overheard how affairs of governments and nations were handled there, many of them would have had but pale opinions of their own wisdom.

Being thus by accident, and without seeking of my own, placed in the centre, and made the oracle of the inhabitants, and moreover, having a sort of positive authority by my temporary magistracy, symptoms began to kithe that I was ordained for greater trusts:—at last I thought so myself, and considered it necessary to keep aloof from the cabals and factions of

the place; for I need not say, that in America, as well as elsewhere, no place is so small as that a cabal cannot be bred in it, nor a head so inexperienced as not to be able to give a great deal of trouble.

One afternoon, during which there had been a contentious conversation in the store among some of the settlers, chiefly Americans, as to whether Great Britain or the United States was the most refined nation; I thought with myself, in walking home in the evening, what a wastrie of time was caused by the inconsiderate talk of uninformed men; and it was on that occasion I first had a glimpse of the real and pecuniary benefit that was conferred on the world by leading men's minds from profitless topics to higher concerns. Accordingly, seeing how I had failed in my endeavours about the magistracy, I resolved to try my hand with the clergy, for hitherto the settlement had been only now and then visited by strolling Methodists, and those sort of coble-texts who, being independent themselves of learning and solid knowledge, naturally take upon them to instruct the ignorant in what may be called the religion of the Independents, a sect I could never respect, in as much as practical religion is what they can-

not understand, for practical religion was in my father's house held to be the best proof of a right theology, and, indeed, without religion be practical, what is it but a shackle and a fetter grinding unto the flesh.

Thus do little things beget great ones. My reflections that night, though not for some time carried into effect, yet led me to determine on using the means to bring to the settlement a true orthodox, and salutary preacher. Before, however, so great an achievement was accomplished, several accidents befell me, which, without changing the current of my ordained destiny, troubled the waters, and made me feel the uncertainty which attends the life of man, and sensible to the slightness of the filmy thread on which his happiness and prosperity depend.

CHAPTER XV.

———Here's a weapon now,
Shall shake a conquering general in his tent,
A monarch on his throne, or reach a prelate,
However holy be his offices,
E'en while he serves the altar.

THAT Mr. Hoskins, my wife's uncle, was a tirring and adventurous old Yankey, shrewd n observation, and sagacious in foresight, has een already seen. Having settled with me bout the store, our goods being assorted, and y eldest son Charles appointed to be my as- stant, he began to be occupied with some peculation which more nearly concerned himlf; but he said nothing to me concerning it; ndeed, he was but little with us, being all day broad, and in the evening, greatly tired, he ent early to bed.

In the morning he rose with the sun, and metimes, before going abroad, put an aliment

of victual in his pocket, on which occasions he seldom returned before night. He was evidently making his calculations, but for what purpose I could not divine, only I remarked that he had ceased to speak of raising his house, and more than once he expressed some doubt if the town had been so judiciously located as it might have been, by which I was led to fear he would not remain long with us.

By and by I discovered that his solitary rambles were chiefly along the banks of the main river, and that he had been several times at the falls, over which I had so narrowly escaped from tumbling on that memorable night when I lost myself in the woods. "What can the old gentleman be seeking?" I often said to Mrs. Hoskins and my wife; and, to acknowledge the truth, I began to grow not overly well pleased that he should treat me with so little confidence. "Can he be looking for a gold mine?" and upon this we built many a device for a hearty laugh, intending to search his purpose with jocularity when he returned. But all jocularity was hushed when he came, for his countenance was thoughtful, and his speech costive; he became a mystery and perplexity to us all.

In the mean time, I was not without other

anxieties; my wife, notwithstanding all the pains I had taken to make our house snug and weather-tight, had suffered severely from the piercing winds of the dry frosty weather, and, as the spring came forward, instead of recovery from the chilliness they had sown in her blood, she felt symptoms of positive disease, and her spirits sank to a low ebb, so that nothing cheered her but the interest she took in making her hearth comfortable, and that was more in the way of household thrift, than by cheerful talk, or those glimpses of motherly merriment which blithen the fire-side.

One day, about the end of April, she had been more dejected than I had ever seen her before, insomuch that Mrs. Hoskins herself, a sedate and discreet woman, spoke to me of her condition with concern, saying, that she thought we ought to try a change of air and scene, and persuade her to move more about, and to forego for a time the cares of her householdry.

While we were thus conversing, the old gentleman, who had been absent all day, came in, sorely worn out with fatigue. He had been far down the bank of the river, and obliged to toil through a cedar swamp for several hours, by which his strength was exhausted.

After he had rested himself, and had par-

taken of some refreshment, he told us where he had been, and said he would have a scow constructed to take him farther down the river, for his curiosity was not yet satisfied. This led Mrs. Hoskins to tell him of what we had been speaking, and to suggest that he should make the scow big enough to take us all with him for a diversion to my wife.

It surprised me not a little to see the alacrity with which he met this proposal; for he was a man that took but small pleasure in pastimes, being of a singularly abstemious nature, and eager only after the one thing needful in its worldly sense. He even went far beyond his wife, proposing that we should explore the river downward till we came to an obstacle or a settlement, where we could obtain accommodation for the night.

In the morning, with his wonted, right-away activity, he set about getting a scow built for our voyage of discovery, and before night it was half finished. In the course of the following day it was completed, and the ladies having in the mean time made an adequate provision of provender, we assembled by break of day with our cloaks and baskets, at the place where the scow lay in the river, fastened by a rope to a tree.

It was not intended that we should have taken any of the children with us, but Mr. Hoskins called for Charles, just as we were embarking, saying, "Well, I guess, that 'ere boy may be commodious in a puzzle, if please God we are misfortunate; so, mister, come aboard plump."

His brother and two sisters were standing on the bank, looking wistfully and ruefully as Charles was untying the painter; but I saw it would never do to take more of them, for though Charles might be useful in a trouble, or a shipwreck, they would only, in such accidents, be a weight upon our hands; and it was fortunate and wise that I repressed by that argument the importunity of the women to have the whole family in the plot, as will be seen in the sequel.

At last, all was clear for our departure. Charles had untied the rope, and was coming to us with the end of it in his hand, coiling it up as he came along, when who should keek from behind a tree, but that vexatious Bailie Waft, as he was by this time generally called. What he could be doing afoot at such an early hour, and how he came to be hovering on our skirts, like an ominous augury or other uncanny

thing, we had no time to consider, for he cried out,

"Where away? where away? Really you're early at your gallanting, Mr. Todd."

I was much nettled at this; it clean overset my composity, and I did not deign to reply; but called to Charles to make haste, pointing out to my wife at the same time, as the scow swung round in the current, a cheerful vista down the river, along which the young leaves were spreading their hands from their homes in the bud, to catch the rays of the rising sun; for it was a beautiful spring morning, and every thing shone bright and gay, assuring us of delight. But he was not to be daunted from his intent by an averted eye.

"Mr. Todd, Mr. Todd!" he cried, following us down the bank, as the scow, now feeling the current, began to slide along.

"Well, Mr. Waft, what is 't ye want?" cried I, grinding my teeth with anger.

"Take care of yourself," replied he; "I beg you'll take good care of yourself, for I have had a dream—"

Just at that moment the scow swirled away towards the opposite bank, and before I could make any reply, we were beyond his hearing:

but certainly a more ill-timed salutation was never given to a man setting out on a party of pleasure. It made me, in a sense, desperate, for what had I to do with his dreams, and what business had he to come on such an errand? It took away from me the power of enjoyment. Though the day was as lovely as the first Saturday, and our sail was as if we had been sailing on the rivers of paradise, yet my heartiness went from me, and a cloud overcame my spirit, all because that meddling body said he had had a dream.

CHAPTER XVI.

——Alarm'd, he sees the stream
That rippling murmur'd changed to flowing glass,
O'er whose smooth silence slides the roughest wind:
Louder and louder nears the roaring fall.

NOTWITHSTANDING the howlet warning of that envious and spiteful body John Waft, as I had such good reason to think him, we continued to sail down the rippling stream; jocund among ourselves, and joyous with the pleasant aspect which all things around us had put on. It was one of the few holidays of my ripened years, and every breeze, and bough, and blossom recommended itself into our gentle senses with the influence of a spell compounded of sweetness and charity, delight and love. I thought of the beautiful spring described in the canticles of Solomon; and as I leant on the shoulder of my wife, with my eyes half shut, and my fancy floating in reverie,

I had something like a palpable enjoyment of mildness and quiet fondling about my heart.

But in the midst of that innocent sensuality, the screech of the Paisley omen, "I have had a dream," dismayed my spirit, and darkened the beauties of the Heavens and the earth. The deep smooth pools of the crystalline river became black and sepulchral, and the sparkling hurry of the brisk and gladdening rapids grew into ravenous whirlpools, as remorseless as the salt-sea waves: who could have thought that the most felicitous day of a harmless life, could have been so overcast by the dormant vapour in the stomach of an ill-fed and fantastical old weaver?

But so it was; I could not shake off the bodement; it clung upon me like a cold waxen winding-sheet, until I could see nothing but dangers in our sailing, and heard not a sound that told not of peril. I was miserable; I would have given the King's dominions, and all the United States, with the incomparable city of New York to the bargain, had they been mine, not to have been in that scow on that river on that day.

"I have had a dream." The devil dream you! thought I:—what was it about?—and

then I began to wish we had not been in such haste to shove off; for that, perhaps, this dream was, after all, but a mist of the mind: why should it have had such an effect on me? Ay, why should it?

Just at the very moment I said so, the scow took a swirl in a narrow part of the river, and whirling round and round as it rushed down a strong rapid, dashed my head with such a bir against the branch of a prostrate tree, that I was for a space of time, as Mr. Hoskins said, as douced as a Tory cannon-ball in the ground at Bunker's Hill.

However, I recovered from that contusion, and having cleared the contumacious tree, we steered into a snug cove, a little farther down, and fastening the scow to the bushes, opened our baskets and began to eat. Whether it was the dint on the head that knocked "I have had a dream" out of it, or that appetite, sharpened by the morning air, would not take cognizance of any thing unsubstantial, may be made matter for a metaphysical question; but assuredly I thought not of it while we were chuckling and churming over our chickens; and when we loosened the rope, and launched again into the mid current, I was the primest of the

party for an hilarious freedom of speech, till we came to a rough and rude, steep and vehement passage of the river, a roaring rapid, almost a cataract.

To shoot it, seemed impossible; to reach the land, was every moment becoming more and more impracticable. "I have had a dream," flared across my mind; there it is to be fulfilled, thought I. On we were going; down to the bottom seemed inevitable. Mr. Hoskins, in the crisis of jeopardy, saw us nearing upon a rock. He flung out his two hands like a Hercules, pushed the scow with such force from the rock, that before the most composed among us could say Jack Robinson, I was clinging to the over-hanging branch of a tree, and the scow, with the ladies and Mr. Hoskins, was safe in a little bay scooped out of the river's bank, crying to me to hold on.

How it was that I had so caught the branch, no one could ever explain; but the incontrovertible fact was, the scow had descended a fall of more than five feet, and that in the descent under the tree I had grasped the stooping branch, and was lifted out, as a child is sometimes lifted from out its cradle, by clinging to its nurse.

Though my situation was perilous, I was not long in danger; by a little exertion, being light of body and lither of limb, I got upon the tree, and clambered along until I could drop upon the ground. Had I not cause for thankfulness on this occasion that I had been formed with such legerity?

By this time the day was pretty far advanced; to navigate the sccw back up the stream was out of the question; to sail farther no one could tell what might happen. The river was wide and deep; the woods around were wild and unknown; we were all in a bad way, and "I have had a dream" rung as the death-bell in my ears. Mr. Hoskins alone was composed; in the whole course of the voyage he said little, but his quick eye was glancing and glimmering on all sides. At this particular spot, where we had been so nearly shipwrecked, he looked studiously around, and said, pursing his mouth, "This may do — but, but, — it ain't a particular."

Having again embarked, we found the river broader and calmer. It had mastered, I would say, the drift wood and the fallen timber, and was holding on its unimpeded course, a powerful and majestic stream.

"Well, I guess," said the old man, "there is tarnation more drowning in this here almighty moderation, than in all them there whisks and whirls we have passed."

"I have had a dream," said the oracular monitor in my bosom; and I added aloud, "Let us keep near the shore."

Just at that moment, "Hush! hark!" cried the old man; and we listened, and we heard a sound as of many waves breaking on a sandy shore, or of the wind sweeping through the forest.

"I guess," said he, "we 're acoming to great falls; they are sucking us down." Mrs. Hoskins grew mad and wild, and blamed us all for being the cause of her destruction; my poor patient wife held me by the hand and said nothing. I could only repeat to myself, "I have had a dream." Mr. Hoskins alone remained calm, cool as a cucumber, but his eyes glimpsed about like the eyes of a spirit in jeopardy.

Louder and louder rose the thunder of the cataract; swifter and swifter our devoted vessel shot along, the trees flying past like the shadows of a magic lantern. The spray of the falls rose in a cloud before us—we saw the

wide basin into which they fell, spreading vaster and deeper — we discerned a small house far in the bottom beyond the foaming turbulence, and a number of people running towards the brink with terrified gestures, appalled at our seeming inevitable doom.

Nothing, indeed, appeared in view capable of rendering us any assistance; nothing was within our reach to grasp at; all around was confusion, and waves, and foam, and before us chaos and thunder. We sat silent, looking at one another, when in an instant Mr. Hoskins caught hold of a bough of a tree which had been unrooted, and lay in the river unmoved, and cried to me also to lay hold. I did so; it was unwieldy and aground: it was our only hope and anchor, we held to it with the grasps of grim death. But the strong current began to move it; still we held on: at last it floated and slided slowly, and, as it were, reluctantly; but still we held on; our passage towards the brink of the fall was quickening. Dragged backward, as it were, by the tree, or at least retarded, there still appeared no chance of escape, when suddenly another tree, within a few yards of the edge of the fall, suddenly fell down headlong, unrooted in the water. "Let go," cried Mr.

Hoskins, and, quitting our hold of the sunken tree, we were in a few seconds alongside of that which had so newly fallen; we caught hold; we clambered upon it with the wildness of despair, and reached the land in safety. In another moment the tree was torn away by the furious waters, and, with the scow, carried over the falls.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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